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## TRUCKLING TO THE MOB.

### THE MAYOR TO THE ORANGEMEN.

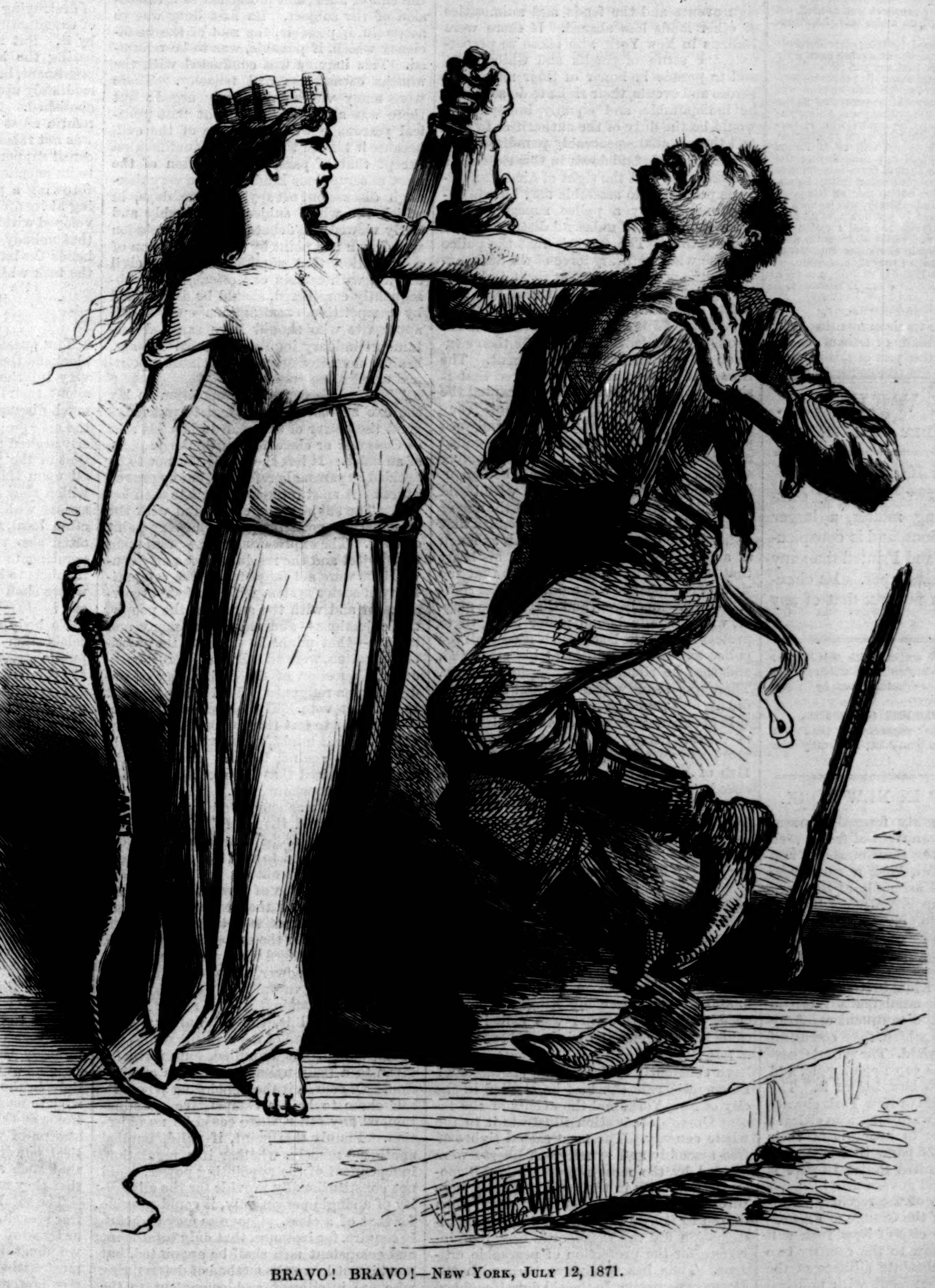
JUST a week before the day appointed for the parade of the Orange societies Mayor HALL addressed the following letter to JOHN J. BOND, Esq., the head of the Orangemen. It foreshadows the order signed by Superintendent KELSO, which evidently proceeded from the same pen:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY HALL,
NEW YORK, *July* 6, 1871.

*John J. Bond, Esq.,*
*G. M. L. O. I.:*

DEAR SIR,—From your letter to the Superintendent of Police, from your explanations to me, and from a letter which you addressed to the *Times* I learn that an order or association of individuals, over which you are the chief, propose to celebrate by a street procession and public picnic the victory achieved in 1690 by WILLIAM III., one king of England, over JAMES II., another king. Similar public celebrations in the country wherein the events happened have always been attended by public disorders. Breaches of the peace have several times occurred in Canada and in the United States during celebrations of a like import. Last summer serious affrays in this city grew out of the public procession and picnic when participated in by your order. You seem to apprehend new disturbances this year on account of the proposed celebration, and I think I am justified by your written and published statements in inferring your own opinion to be that public disorder must necessarily result from your intended action, because of the religious as well as anciently political opposition to the event celebrated. Assemblages of any kind in places of public access, and public street processions of every character, have never become matters of popular right. In accordance, however, with the operations of free institutions they are generally permitted, and usually enjoy by popular assent much freedom of action, although often submitted to at considerable sacrifice of public comfort. They, therefore, become subjects for police regulation and supervision. If not an impossible, it is nevertheless a delicate task for the authorities to decide when this regulation and supervision shall begin, or how far it shall extend. The approximate rule seems to be that the greatest good and security of the greatest number should be consulted in the decision. Your proposed celebration appears to be unnecessary. And it certainly seems at first glance to be singular that a foreign event occurring nearly two hundred years ago, and with which American citizens can not actively sympathize, should become on our soil the subject for extensive commemoration. Moreover, ought not the feuds and animosities of old countries, from whence our adopted citizens come, be entirely merged in our citizenship? There is another danger, is there not, that collisions induced by their maintenance here would be taken advantage of by the dangerous classes, which always grow formidable by such opportunities? It has been said from the bench that no individuals ought ever to be permitted to publicly assemble with banners whose inscriptions would be calculated to inflame the passions of other men; and, in view of what took place last year, may it not be thought by even your well-wishers that a repeated participation by your organization would seem like a concerted effort to irritate the public peace? I could suggest many occasions for celebrating even American events which would result inevitably in producing public ill feeling and inviting public disorder. Suppose, for instance, that a considerable number of New York residents of Southern birth should propose to celebrate the battle of Bull Run, that occurred in this month, and should, by means of banners and music, succeed in arousing the bad temper of the hundreds of thousands who not only could never sympathize with the event, but, under much personal, sectional, or national feeling, deplore it; or suppose that, in view of recent events that have occurred in Europe, a body of French adopted citizens, furnished with banners and music distasteful in sight and sound to citizens of German birth, should march through sections of our city that are inhabited by the latter? I content myself at present with simply submitting to you these very general considerations, and with asking you whether it would not be more politic for you and your friends to forego any popular or public demonstration of the event to which you and they attach so much importance. Very truly yours,

A. OAKEY HALL, *Mayor of the City of New York.*



BRAVO! BRAVO!—NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1871.

### GENERAL ORDER, NO. 57.

On discovering that the "glittering generalities" of his rhetoric had no effect upon the Orangemen, the Mayor directed Superintendent of Police KELSO to issue the following order prohibiting the parade:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
300 MULBERRY ST., NEW YORK, *July* 10, 1871.

*Captain* ——, —— *Precinct:*

GENERAL ORDER, No. 57.—The Superintendent has been applied to by the Grand Master of the Orange Lodges in the United States to give police support to a celebration by a procession (through principal streets and avenues of the city of New York on the 12th inst.) in honor of the battle of the Boyne, and the surrender which was its consequence.

These several commemorative victories on the soil of Ireland by one English king over another one, nearly two centuries ago, engendered national differences which have descended from generation to generation with increasing acrimony, and large bodies of citizens participating in these feelings form parts of our community.

The Superintendent has been legally advised he should not aid any street celebrations that involve feuds and animosities belonging solely to the history of other countries than our own, and which experience has proved to endanger the public peace abroad and at home.

The proposed celebration, as is obvious to every one, belongs to the last-named class. Last year, upon the same calendar day, an unexpected public celebration of the foreign event just named was accompanied in the streets with inexcusable and deplorable affrays, by which four citizens lost their lives, despite the interference of the police. This violence was apparently unpremeditated, and resulted from what may be termed spontaneous excitement. This year, however, the procession has been announced much in advance, and unusual arrangements have been made to swell the numbers of participants by accessions from other parts of this State and from other States.

It is given out that armed preparations for defense have been made by the members of the parading lodges. Indeed, the announced procession appears to have been especially organized beyond the magnitude of any previous one, and is emphasized with announcements that apparently evince a determination to resent, if not to avenge, the events which attended last year's celebration, and some of its leaders have stated to the Superintendent that they considered a collision inevitable. If this needless celebration should provoke a general disturbance it would furnish the opportunity always sought for by the lawless and dangerous classes of the community to participate in it, and to carry consequences so far as to endanger the safety of persons and property.

Recent disturbances have been announced from Great Britain by cable dispatches as incident to similar public demonstrations by the Orange Institution in that country. And upon a closer survey the Superintendent is convinced that if the proposed procession forms or moves with its banners and traditional music amidst many unthinking, rash, and hot-headed spectators who are not in sympathy with the foreign feuds which the procession is intended to glorify, then the whole police (and perhaps much of the military) force of the city might be required to protect the procession, and large sections of the city most needing watching would be left unguarded.

If any procession (or occupation by marching order of the streets) were a matter of right, or could legally demand protection, then it should, at all hazards, receive escort and guard, because the authorities never should allow that which is matter of right to the populace to be ever lawlessly overawed. But legal decisions have settled that occupation of streets by processions is a mere matter of usage or toleration, and is always subject to police regulation and supervision. The surrender of thoroughfares to large organized bodies of men necessarily interferes with the individual rights of other citizens, and those thus engaged are, in the language of the law, permissible trespassers. The toleration of processions by citizens and authorities is perhaps due to the fact that street meetings and parades always represent some sentiment or occasion not at all calculated to provoke hot blood. In every subject-matter for police discretionary permission the inconvenience of the few ought to be surrendered to the widest security for the property and person of the greatest number of citizens. And at all times the police should prevent occasions for disorder rather than wait to regulate or suppress it. It is very clear that if any one individual should undertake by himself to produce an occasion of irritation and excitement to others in the community, he would not be, in such an act, entitled to police protection. And surely what may not be done by one individual ought not to be attempted by the organized many, when the aggravation would be so much the greater.

Therefore you are ordered (in conformity to the private directions herewith promulgated, and which relate merely to details of discipline and arrangements for police action not expedient to be publicly announced) to prevent the formation or progression of the public street procession for the 12th inst. alluded to, and of all processions under pretense of target purposes. You will also on that day impartially keep all streets cleared from groups and assemblages of every class of citizens, whether sympathizing with or against the proposed procession, or whether they are lawlessly disposed or otherwise. You will also promptly arrest all persons of any description, who, in the thoroughfares, use threatening or disorderly language, inciting to breach of the peace, in contempt of the State statutes upon that subject.

James J. Kelso, *Superintendent.*

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S PROCLAMATION.

The foregoing order appeared in the papers of Tuesday, July 11. The storm of indignation that swept over the country when the disgraceful surrender was made known convinced the Tammany leaders that they had committed a grave blunder. Governor Hoffman hastened to the city, and in the papers of Wednesday, July 12, appeared the following proclamation:

Having been only this day apprised, while at the capital, of the actual condition of things here with reference to proposed processions to-morrow, and having, in the belief that my presence was needed, repaired hither immediately, I do make this proclamation:

The order heretofore issued by the police authorities in reference to said processions having been duly revoked, I hereby give notice that any and all bodies of men desiring to assemble and march in peaceable procession in this city to-morrow, the 12th instant, will be permitted to do so. They will be protected to the fullest extent possible by the military and police authorities. A military and police escort will be furnished to any body of men desiring it, on application to me at my head-quarters (which will be at Police Head-quarters, in this city), at any time during the day. I warn all persons to abstain from interference with any such assemblage or procession except by authority from me; and I give notice that all the powers at my command, civil and military, will be used to preserve the public peace and to put down, at all hazards, every attempt at disturbance; and I call upon all citizens, of every race and religion, to unite with me and the local authorities in this determination to preserve the peace and honor of the city and State.

Dated at New York, this 11th day of July, A.D. 1871.

John T. Hoffman.

By the Governor:
John D. Van Buren, *Private Secretary.*

A full account of the tragic events that grew out of the shuffling, vacillating course of the authorities is given in another part of this paper.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 29, 1871.

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**JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,**

*with numerous illustrations; engravings of the Frankfort Statues to* Goethe *and* Schiller; *and many other features of interest.*

## GESSLER'S CAP IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic party formerly surrendered the American right of free speech at the command of the slave-masters; and now in the city of New York it surrenders the right of peaceful assembly at the summons of a religious mob. A party bred in abject subservience to slavery has no conception of the principles of liberty or of the fundamental rights of freemen. While the Democratic newspapers affect to deny the existence of the Ku-Klux in the Southern States, the Democratic municipal authorities in the great city of the continent carefully foster a Ku-Klux to which they command American citizens to yield. The tyrant Gessler at Altorf put his cap upon a pole, and ordered the Swiss to bow before it. The Democratic authorities of New York elevate the Pope's tiara, and warn American citizens that they will refuse to honor it at their peril! And this is the party that beseeches the people of the United States to give it control of the national government!

The circumstances of the recent prohibition of the parade of the Orange or Protestant Irishmen in the city of New York will serve, perhaps, to show to the country two things: one is the absolute alliance of the Democratic city government with political Romanism; and the other is that, in consequence of that alliance, the indisputable rights of American citizens are deliberately sacrificed. The facts are very few and simple. The Orangemen resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne by a public parade in the streets of the city. Certain Roman Catholic associations thereupon resolved that they would attack them if they did; and as they did attack them last year, and killed several of the Orangemen, there was no doubt that they would keep their word. The Roman Catholic party having thus distinctly announced that they would make a riot if the procession took place, the city authorities surrendered, and forbade the procession. The surrender was made under the absurd pretext that processions in the streets are not matters of right, but of toleration, and that they may be forbidden when the peace is likely to be broken!

That is to say, that every public parade of peaceable citizens through the streets may rightfully be forbidden if a band of desperadoes and assassins announce that they do not choose to favor the procession, and will attack it if it appears. Upon this principle, if some French *cercle* had declared that it would assault the Germans if they paraded on Easter-Monday, the authorities might rightfully have prohibited the celebration! Of course, in the present instance, every body knows that if the circumstances had been reversed, and the Orangemen had declared that they would attack a Roman Catholic procession, they would have been sternly warned that their blood would be upon their own heads, and the Roman Catholic parade would not have been prohibited. Nor is the talk about the celebration of foreign events and the feuds and animosities of other lands less absurd. If there were Italians in New York who chose to perpetuate the strife of Guelfs and Ghibellines, and to parade in honor of their respective heroes and events, their right to do so would be indisputable, and equally indisputable would be the duty of the authorities to protect those Italians peaceably parading.

The principle laid down in this ridiculous proceeding is that the right of American citizens peaceably to assemble may be arbitrarily annulled by a police superintendent upon the threat of unlawful disturbance of the meeting. The truth is that the police and the whole military force of the State exist for the protection of that right and similar rights. In the very culmination of events before the war and in the week following the execution of John Brown a speech was announced in Philadelphia upon the then situation of the antislavery movement. The friends of slavery instantly resolved that it should not take place. They placarded the walls with virtual invitations to a riot. They appealed in the papers to the most inflamed passions. Large numbers of what were called respectable citizens waited upon the mayor and told him that the hall would be demolished and the streets would run with blood if he did not stop the speech. But the mayor—it was Alexander S. Henry—replied that although he deprecated the speech as much as any body, and wished with all his heart that it might not be delivered, yet that the right of the speaker was a fundamental right of an American citizen, and that he, the mayor, was officially bound under his oath to protect him to the last gasp, if it took all the police and all the militia at his command, and that he should certainly do his duty. There was a tremendous riot; but the mayor did his duty, and the rioters were conquered.

It is only necessary to compare this action of Mayor Henry in Philadelphia twelve years ago with that of Mayor Hall on the 11th of July in this year, to see the difference between a magistrate who masters the mob and one who is mastered by it. The feebleness of the note in which Mr. Hall sought to prevent the Orange parade did not conceal his evident consciousness of his duty. He knew as well as any body precisely what that was, and what the welfare of the community demanded; but he had neither the courage to do his duty nor to leave it undone. But even in this Tammany-ridden city the protest against the base surrender of the rights of a free people to a religious mob was so unanimous and indignant that the Tammany Ring was frightened, and the Governor was called in, or came in, to reverse the whole proceeding.

But the facts will not be forgotten. We have constantly said that the character of Democratic rule can best be studied in the city of New York, and the events of the recent Orange celebration illustrate it to the whole country. The most sacred rights of free assembly and of religious liberty were yielded by the most representative Democratic authority in the country to the mere threat of a religious riot; and only when driven to it by an overwhelming public indignation did the Democratic Governor interfere for the protection of peaceable citizens. Thus has it always been with the Democratic party. In the old days it mobbed American citizens peaceably assembling to plead the right of every innocent man to personal freedom. Now it disperses citizens peaceably assembling to celebrate the anniversary of an old Irish battle. And this last act it does to conciliate the votes of Roman Catholics. Does any sensible man think that such a party may be safely trusted with a government which rests upon civil and religious equality?

## THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The reform of the civil service is a question which has for some time interested many thoughtful observers of our government; and Mr. Jenckes and Mr. Schurz in Congress have presented careful bills, which received scarcely decent attention, although Mr. Jenckes's able and interesting report upon the whole subject, with its copious information as to the foreign systems, had demonstrated the desirability and the necessity of some action. On the last night of the late session an amendment to the Miscellaneous Civil Appropriation bill was introduced by Mr. Trumbull in the Senate, and passed both Houses. It provided in substance that the President should prescribe such rules and regulations for admissions to the civil service as would promote its efficiency, and authorized him to advise with suitable persons upon the subject. The President consequently summoned three gentlemen employed in the government departments at Washington, and four other gentlemen, respectively from Georgia, New Jersey, Illinois, and New York, to consult upon the best method of promoting the efficiency of the civil service.

This Commission met in Washington at the end of June, and proceeded to a discussion of the subject. Its first duty was to ascertain, if possible, the root of the inefficiency which, if possible, was to be reformed. This inquiry was conducted with the utmost earnestness and tenacity. There were many views ingeniously urged; but there was a general agreement that political patronage was the source of the evil, because it tended to abolish all qualification except that of party service, often of the most unscrupulous kind. After a very thorough discussion, occupying some days, in which the whole subject was freshly and fairly viewed, the debate of the Commission was drawn to a point by the presentation of a resolution that admissions to the civil service, with certain exceptions, to be subsequently considered, should be determined by competitive examinations open to all applicants who should have satisfied certain preliminary inquiries in regard to age, health, character, etc., but excluding political or religious opinion.

This was, of course, a proposition to lay the axe against the root, and to put it beyond the power of any man to buy his seat in Congress or elsewhere with the promise of an office. It left the admission not to be decided by personal preference, but by proved fitness. A most interesting debate then began. The subject was considered with the most perfect good temper from every point of view. The expressions of the press upon the subject and the resolutions of party conventions were not forgotten. The compatibility of such a system with our form of government and with the genius of the people, the objections—and they were many and curious—that might be urged to its practical operation, were all fully considered, without the question of the desirability of undertaking a reform so radical being brought to a direct vote. The object of the Commission was to test the proposition by every objection that might, could, would, or should be brought against it; and at length the point was raised that the method proposed might be unconstitutional.

This point was suggested by one of the most radical and thoughtful of the friends of reform. Its scope was this, that Congress is authorized to vest the appointment of certain inferior officers in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments, and that it may undoubtedly regulate the exercise of that power. But if Congress, under the guise of a regulation, should create a Board wholly independent of the appointing power, whose duty it should be, in case of a vacancy, to determine by a competitive examination the single person who should fill it, the appointing power vested in the head of department would not be regulated, but annulled, and virtually given to a body unknown to the Constitution. Of course, if the appointing power itself chose to hold a competitive examination, or any other, there could be no objection. Plainly this point, if valid, implied another—namely, whether if a regulation, independent of the appointing power, could not constitutionally provide for the eligibility of a single person only, it could provide for that of a class. Congress may rightfully require, for instance, that only intelligent and competent men shall be appointed, but must it not leave the method of determining who are intelligent and competent to the appointing power?

The members of the Commission informally consulted the Attorney-General upon these points, and without elaborate consideration, and wholly as an impression upon the statement of the question, he was inclined to think the first objection valid. But if it were valid, the aspect and possibilities of the reform were so entirely changed that the Commission could not proceed until it was determined; and it addressed a letter to the President requesting him to obtain the official opinion of the Attorney-General. It was obviously impossible for the Commission to advise the President to frame regulations which were unconstitutional, or which it thought might be so; and as its preliminary investigations were ended, and the remainder of the work under the probable ruling of the Attorney-General was the elaboration of detail, the Commission, pending his consideration of the subject, adjourned to October in time to advise the President before the meeting of Congress.

The scope of the objection will be at once perceived by the friends of civil service reform, and it has not been so fully presented in the previous discussions of the subject. During the delivery of Senator Schurz's speech in support of his bill Senator Howard, of Michigan, asked various questions, which showed that his mind was upon the scent; but he did not pursue the trail to the end. In the debate in the House upon Mr. Jenckes's bill, in the spring of 1870, the same point was raised by Mr. Cox and Mr. Bingham, to whom Mr. Jenckes replied.

The weight of the objection is this, that a competitive examination has always been considered the simple, practicable method of destroying patronage. Every other kind of examination might be perhaps controlled by it. But if a competitive system, designating the best person as entitled to appointment, be unconstitutional, it is not immediately apparent how patronage is to be abolished. Meanwhile the friends of the reform must understand that the objection was not raised by its enemies, but by its sincerest supporters, who did not wish to leave to its enemies an opportunity both of overthrowing a projected system and of laughing at its architects. The objection was developed within the Commission, and we hope that nobody doubts that it clearly comprehends the importance and the magnitude of the task which has been committed to it.

## PROCESSIONS.

The question of great processions, which blockade the chief thoroughfares, and often very injuriously delay honest people going about their business, has naturally excited much discussion since the 12th of July. But the sole ground upon which it can be properly argued that they should be forbidden is that of the public convenience, and not at all upon that of the character of the event which they commemorate. Some days and events which people wish to celebrate are often local, foolish, sectarian, sectional, and often also very distasteful, and even exasperating, to a great many other people. But if this is to be a reason for forbidding them, where shall we begin, and where shall we end?

No body of citizens has the right by its celebration of any event to obstruct the public streets against the lawful protest of the community, because the streets are for the general convenience. And, of course, no collection of people, more than an individual, has the right to break the peace. But when we begin to say that we will have Sunday-school processions but not political, or political but not religious, or that we will have processions to celebrate American events but not European events, we are infringing upon the fundamental right of the people peaceably to assemble and express their sentiments. Who is to be authorized to say that certain opinions are wrong, or that nobody ought to wish to commemorate this man's birthday or that battle?

There are those who wish to march in honor of Thomas Paine, perhaps; and if they do not exercise that right to the detriment of the equal rights of other people, who shall complain? There were those who wished to march in honor of the twenty-fifth year of the Pope's primacy; and very properly they did so, respecting all other rights, but very plainly expressing their delight in the Pope. There may be those who wish to march in honor of the restoration of Rome as the capital of Italy, and of the separation of the temporal from the ecclesiastical power of the Pope, and who shall say that such a parade may excite trouble, and that they must therefore stay at home?

The vital principle of American liberty is free speech, whether on banners or in books, or by word of mouth or in newspapers. If we don't like our neighbor's opinion, we must withstand its influence by the persuasive statement of our own. But when we strike at his freedom of speech, the very genius of America is wounded. It is asked if Orangemen and others who hold disagreeable political or religious opinions ought not, in the interests of public order, to keep quiet? Certainly not. If we are not strong enough to bear the expression of the most offensive opinions in a time of profound peace, we ought to know it, that we may become so. Let us not forbid processions on the ground that they are really the expression of opinions that we do not like, or tend to foster feuds that we think ought to be forgotten, until we are ready to authorize the magistrate to issue licenses for such public meetings only as he may approve.

It is a pity that Irish traditions of political and religious feuds should be cherished in this country. It is very natural that praise of "the pale" should offend and exasperate the ignorant descendants of those without the pale. But we must not burn down the house to singe a mouse. We must not surrender the great guarantees of liberty to avoid a little trouble. Our duty is not to tell Orangemen to hold their tongues, but to tell those who would molest them to hold their hands, and let their tongues wag as fast as they will. Certainly our system has just been nobly vindicated. And those who would prohibit processions because of hostility to the opinion or the cause which they commemorate merely propose to justify Mayor Hall's surrender to the threat of a mob—a surrender which instinctively drew from the whole country a cry of shame and indignation.

## THE FAILURE OF THE NEW DEPARTURE.

The new departure of a political party can hardly be called successful if the whole party does not depart. A new departure is otherwise a mere schism; and such the movement of Mr. Vallandigham and his friends must now be considered. It has divided the party instead of uniting it. It has been nowhere, not even in Ohio, where it was proposed, received with unanimity and enthusiasm, while it has elicited the most positive protests from able leaders. At the Tammany performance it was, indeed, urged by Mr. John Quincy Adams, who is, however, a chartered libertine in the party which he has recently joined; and he is the same gay Mentor who, in one of his many epistles to the brethren, advised his new love, the Democratic party, to begin by being democratic, which was very much as if he had advised the Neponset River to flow the other way. The Democratic party has never been democratic. It used to call itself the poor man's party and the working-man's party when it had its cruel heel planted upon the hearts of millions of poor working-men, to whom it denied even a right to their manhood and to common humanity. And even now the attempt to take a new departure by asserting the equal rights of men under the Constitution has produced serious differences in the party.

The difficulty is one that we have more than once ventured to suggest. A party is not measured by its professions merely, but by the probabilities of its performance arising from various considerations. If in the midst of the war, if at Chicago in 1864, instead of crying out for surrender to the rebellion, the Democratic party had pronounced for a vigorous prosecution of the war, the country or the Republican party would have replied, "Very well, fall in." But if the Democratic party had retorted that, having declared for the war, it ought to have control of the government, even Sherman and his men lost in Georgia would have heard the shout of derision that would have rung through the loyal land. While the leadership and general composition of a party remain unchanged, the profession of a different purpose is not very persuasive. What is the significance of advice to a party to begin by being democratic? Plainly that it is not democratic now. And when a new departure is demanded, what is it but a confession that the old position is untenable? When, therefore, we push the inquiry to the end, we find that those who have always sustained slavery and all the infamies that sprang from it, who wished to retain in reconstruction as much of the root of civil hate as possible, who wished to forbid equal suffrage and to perpetuate class privilege, who confusedly and aggressively asserted State sovereignty against national supremacy, who palliated and justified the rebellion, and derided and perplexed the government of the Union, have at last decided that they can not recover power by such cries and positions, and hope to acquire public confidence by departing from them.

Now as these are really the same people, with the same principles, they have found an insuperable difficulty: they can not persuade themselves, and they can not persuade the country. A platform, as these gentlemen all very well know, is usually considered to be a tub to the whale. Its object is to amuse, and possibly to deceive. It must say neither too much nor too little. It must not disappoint the advance nor dismay the rear. And, whatever the platform says, it derives all its significance from those who stand behind it. It is like the word of a man. If his character confirms what he says, it is enough. But it is also enough if it does not. The Democratic surrender platform at Chicago in 1864 was an exact expression of the party sentiment. The country knew that the party wished to surrender. The party character sustained the platform. But the same character does not sustain, in the same sense, the new departure platform. The utmost that it conveys is a shrug and a grimace that "we can't help ourselves, and so we acquiesce." What reason was there, if Mr. Vallandigham had lived, and had been nominated for Governor of Ohio upon his own platform, for any man who voted against him during the war to vote for him now? His position was not one of conviction, but of compulsion. And what was true of him is true of the attempted new attitude of his party. The question always remains, Why trust the men who were distrusted yesterday because they declare to-day that they will contend no longer? The change itself shows them to be less trustworthy.

The Democratic party, vainly trying to rally itself upon a new line, hopes to contest the election of 1872 upon the question of centralization. But let any sensible man ask himself this very practical question, "Is it safer to trust the Republican party, even with this centralizing tendency, or the Democratic party, with its State sovereignty dogmas?" And beyond and above all this, the question which honest people all over the land will ask themselves is, whether it is wise to abandon a party whose traditional policy is liberty, union, and fair play, which represents the political movement of the intelligence and the moral character and purpose of the country, which has the American conscience behind its professions, and to favor a party whose traditional policy is slavery and inequality, and which represents the ignorance, the prejudice, and the hostility to the Union that still exist in the country? An election is not a contest of fine professions. It is a choice between what are believed to be convictions; and they are sought and found not in the rhetoric of the Convention, but in the career of the party.

No sensible Republican asks a vote for his party upon the ground that it has been uniformly wise, that all its measures have been unexceptionable, or that all its conspicuous members have inspired respect or confidence. But he does ask it upon the ground that that party contains the great mass of loyal citizens who honestly believe in equal rights and would honorably maintain them, with the great multitude of intelligent and industrious people whose good sense assures them that those who tried to destroy the government ten years ago are not those who should control it now. And this is a multitude and a conviction which are not likely to be disturbed by the loudest vociferation of new policies and principles and departures upon the part of their opponents.

## INNOCENT PERSONS.

We see that allusion has been made to the "innocent persons" who were shot in the late riot. But in a mob there is, in a certain sense, no innocent person. Those who are not present as rioters can not be distinguished by bullets from those who are; and even if they were labeled as philosophic spectators they could not be secure. A military company marching in the street to suppress a riot is much more exposed than on the battle-field. It is attacked from every where at once—front, flank, rear, and above—and attacked often by an unseen enemy; and when the time comes to fire, those who have chosen to place themselves among the enemy and to take their chances have, of course, no reason to complain if they suffer.

Well-disposed citizens going out to view a riot, as they would a spectacle, serve the purpose of the mob, for they both multiply and conceal it. If such citizens were better disposed they would stay at home, unless they came out to help keep order as soldiers or policemen. There is nothing more conclusively proved than that in repressing a mob the promptest and sternest measures are the most humane and the most efficient. There must be no threatening, no blank cartridges, but point-blank broadsides; and as every body knows this, he is indeed "innocent" if he exposes himself to fire. It is impossible to foretell when or where the firing must begin; and however sad and bloody the consequences may be, all who fall, except among the policemen and the soldiers, have only themselves to blame. The defenders of order must necessarily suppose that all who are before them are the mob, and act accordingly.

If these simple facts were more generally remembered, and if every body who proposed to be merely a spectator of the trouble would consent to forego a curiosity which may easily cost him his life, we should hear of no innocent people shot or clubbed in suppressing riots.

## *PERSONAL.*

Hon. George H. Pendleton is a candidate for United States Senator from Ohio, to succeed Senator Sherman, whose term will expire on the 3d of March, 1873. Mr. Pendleton is in the prime of manhood—forty-six—and has already seen much of public life, having served in the Senate of Ohio in 1854 and 1855, and in Congress from 1857 to 1863. In 1864 he was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with M'Clellan. He comes of good stock. His father, Nathaniel Greene Pendleton, was an aid to General Gaines from 1813 to 1815, Senator in Ohio in 1825 and 1826, and member of Congress from 1841 to 1843; after which he voluntarily retired to private life. He was a man of uncommon ability and high character. *His* father, Nathaniel Pendleton, was an officer of the Revolutionary war, a judge, and second of General Alexander Hamilton in his duel with Aaron Burr. Mr. George H. Pendleton is a gentleman of ample fortune, high culture, a fine orator, and is very popular with his personal and political friends.

—It is intimated that the President will probably appoint Mr. Richard H. Dana to represent the United States at the Geneva Conference. The board is to consist of five members, representing the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil. Mr. Dana is quite competent for the position by his standing as a lawyer and scholar. He is now in the prime of life, being fifty-six years of age. Having been compelled in 1834 to leave college on account of an affection of the eyes, he made a voyage to California as a common sailor, and on his return wrote "Two Years Before the Mast." Subsequently he studied law with Judge Story, and has attained eminence at the bar. He was one of the founders of the Free-Soil party.

—General Von Moltke, as we learn from an article of exceeding interest on "The Telegraph and the Storm," in the August number of *Harper's Magazine*, conducted the late operations of the German army on the battle-fields of France sitting in the rear, with his map before him, and his telegraphic operator at his side keeping him in communication with all parts of the field. It has been frequently said by distinguished military men that the telegraph will be one of the most effective weapons in any war that may now occur.

—After twenty-five years of faithful service, Dr. Woolsey (who, by-the-way, is a native of this city) has retired from the presidency of Yale College. He is now seventy. His administration has been notably successful. On his taking the presidency there were thirty-seven instructors; now there are sixty-five; Professors Dana, Gilman, Newton, Whitney, Hoppin, Fisher, Bacon, Hadley, and Thacher were then scarcely known; the library was nothing compared to its present 100,000 volumes. President Woolsey is best known to the public as a political philosopher. His treatise on international law is a masterpiece; and he is known for able papers on divorce laws, the *Alabama* question, etc. In English composition he has scarcely a superior for purity of style.

—Many of the men who have figured conspicuously in the recent French troubles are persons of small stature, as have been many of the heroes and reformers of the world. Louis Blanc is of diminutive figure, Victor Hugo insignificant in appearance, Rochefort slight, delicate, and below the middle height, and Veermeesch—the terrible—was often mistaken for a girl in boy's clothes, a leader of fashion, dainty in boots and gloves. In this country the small men have been conspicuous. John Adams and John Quincy Adams were undersized, as is Charles Francis Adams; Aaron Burr, Dr. Channing, Bishop Hobart, Stephen A. Douglas, Henry J. Raymond, and many others we might name, were short. It is frequently the case that literary men are "short."

—Joaquin Miller, the new California poet, who is just now one of the pet lions of the *litterateurs* of London, is a young gentleman whose career has been peculiarly Californian and Oregonian. His first notable act was to get into difficulty with, and take a shot at, the sheriff of Siskyon County. Next he ran a pony express and carried letters and papers a distance of two hundred miles over the mountains. His school education was of the meagrest sort. At the breaking out of the rebellion he edited the Eugene City (Oregon) *Review*, a Democratic paper, and soon afterward married Miss Minnie Myrtle, a young lady who had acquired some reputation as a writer of verses. He then went east of the Cascade Mountains, and settled in the gold-mining camp of "Canyon City," commenced practicing law, was elected County Judge, remained there until the spring of 1870, accumulated considerable money, went to London, and published the poems he had printed in the California papers. He separated from his wife, but provided for her and her two children. He courted her after the early California fashion, viz.—finding another "gent" paying addresses to the Myrtle, he entered the room, drew a revolver upon him, "persuaded" him to retire, married the belle, and instantly went off honey-mooning.

—People ask, naturally enough, especially New England people, "Who is Mr. Cyrus Wakefield, that he should give, as he has just given, one hundred thousand dollars to Harvard College?" He had previously given largely for public and benevolent purposes at Wakefield, where he is spoken of as "the ratan manufacturer;" but besides this, he is the largest importer of East India goods in New England, if not in the United States, it being stated that upward of seventeen cargoes consigned to him arrived at Boston the past year. Mr. Wakefield commenced the ratan business in Boston nearly forty years ago, at first in a small way, making it a specialty, but by energy and remarkable ingenuity adapted it to a great variety of useful household articles, and built up a vast and profitable business. His establishment at Wakefield gives employment to nearly twelve hundred hands.

—We understand, from a source entitled to credit, that the Rev. Edward M'Glyn, D.D., pastor of St. Stephen's Church, in this city, has been designated as Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, and that the official documents authorizing his consecration, if not already in the hands of Archbishop M'Closkey, are expected to be in a few days. Dr. M'Glyn is one of the youngest and most eloquent of the clergy in charge of parishes in this city. His standing as a scholar may be inferred from the fact that, in conjunction with Father Hecker, he was chosen to prepare the address, in Latin, sent to Pius IX. from the Catholics of this archdiocese, and presented at the opening of the Œcumenical Council. We believe, moreover, that we state a fact that will soon be announced officially when we say that the Rev. Dr. M'Nierny, secretary to the archbishop, will succeed Dr. M'Glyn as pastor of St. Stephen's. Dr. M'Nierny is a man of ability, polished in address, a good preacher, and speaks fluently five or six of the modern languages.

—Simon Cameron has announced his positive refusal to be a candidate for the Vice-Presidency—a wise thing in a man of seventy-two, which is Mr. C.'s age, though he is still active. It is just fifty years since Mr. Cameron began to take part in public affairs—first as editor and publisher of a paper at Harrisburg, having previously learned the printer's trade, then as manager of the Middletown Bank, president of two railroads, and Adjutant-General of the State. He was elected United States Senator in 1845, and served for four years; was re-elected in 1857, and resigned in 1861 to become Secretary of War. In 1862 he went to Russia as United States minister. In 1867 he was again elected United States Senator for the term ending in 1873. Mr. Cameron is one of the few public men of the country who, we believe, was never defeated in being chosen to any office to which he aspired.

—Minister Washburne is about to take a brief vacation and visit home. During the Communist excitement some of the Paris journals criticised him severely, but have since apologized. Had the Versaillese listened to his advice the venerable Archbishop of Paris would never have been murdered.

—The old Duke de Broglie—he is now eighty-two—again rises to the surface in French politics, having been appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He comes of an old and renowned family. His father was president of the National Convention in 1791 and 1794, and was executed by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The present duke married the only daughter of Madame De Staël in 1816, and in the same year became a member of the Chamber of Peers, in which he made a famous speech against the slave-trade. After the revolution of 1830 the duke and his friend Guizot were chiefs of the party called *Doctrinaires*. In 1830 he was Minister of Public Instruction, and Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1832 to 1834. Since the *coup d'etat* of 1851 he has lived mostly in retirement, and since 1856, when he was elected a member of the French Academy, has devoted himself mainly to labors of a literary and philosophical character. His appointment as Foreign Secretary appears to be well received in France, and is especially acceptable to England.

—The journals of the country, irrespective of party, have done justice to the ability and character of the late Edwin Croswell as a journalist and political leader. His private character is made the subject of an exceedingly interesting communication to the Albany *Argus*, from which we quote a single paragraph, to the entire justice and truthfulness of which the writer of this can testify: "The remembrance of Mr. Croswell's private life calls up only associations of the pleasantest and tenderest nature. In the seclusion of his own home, as in wider circles, he was always the Christian gentleman, and his personal influence was eminently elevating and refining. His address was a delightful mingling of extreme gentleness and high-bred courtesy. To the high qualities of a richly endowed and cultivated mind were added those graces of heart which made him a beloved and honored husband and father, and a valued friend. He possessed in an eminent degree that 'charity' which thinketh no evil. He rarely allowed an uncharitable remark in his presence without a protest, being ever ready to find excuses for those against whom they were uttered. He was quick to discern and appreciate the estimable qualities of those around him, and his habitual courtesy, added to his natural kindness of heart, made him always ready to offer the pleasant word or delicate attention. Indeed, for this rare quality of courtesy Mr. Croswell was somewhat remarkable—it was unfailing, surviving even the power of speech, as those who were with him in his last hours bear abundant testimony."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A detailed account has been received in Washington of the first attack on the force composing the expedition of Minister Low to the Corea, and the prompt and effective response by our forces, in which the Corean forts were silenced. It appears that this is the attack for which an apology was refused by the Corean authorities, and which Admiral Rodgers on the following day, June 11, punished by the capture and demolition of the Corean stronghold and 481 cannon, and the killing of about 250 of the barbarous murderers of the *General Sherman's* crew. It was rumored at Yokohama that the British squadron had been ordered to co-operate with our navy.

The second son of the late President Lincoln, Thomas, familiarly known in Mr. Lincoln's lifetime as "Tad," died in Chicago on the 15th of July, of dropsy of the heart, aged eighteen years. His illness dates from a few days after his return from Europe with Mrs. Lincoln.

In the case of Mrs. Fair, in San Francisco, under sentence of death, an appeal has been filed in the Supreme Court, and a writ of *supersedeas* issued. The appeal will be heard in October.

St. Joseph, Missouri, has been injured by a tornado to the extent of $200,000.

Duluth, on Lake Superior, has just been visited by a tidal wave, which did considerable damage.

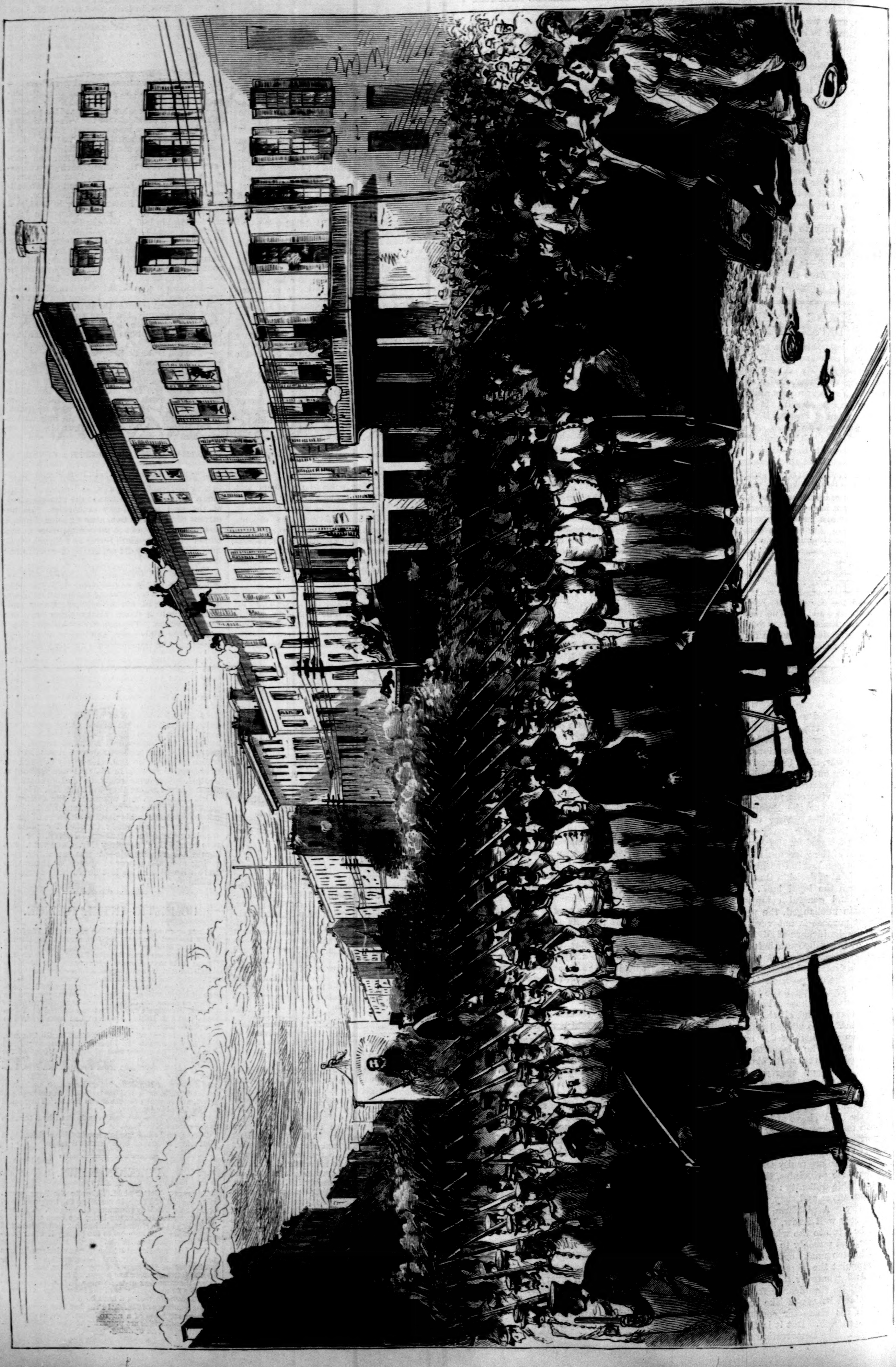
## FOREIGN NEWS.

The reputed letter of M. Thiers to the Pope, promising the aid of France in restoring the temporal power, is again officially pronounced a forgery. The *Avenir*, however, says a vague letter has been written by M. Thiers to his Holiness, intimating that France will give a diplomatic support to the papacy if other powers will co-operate with her.

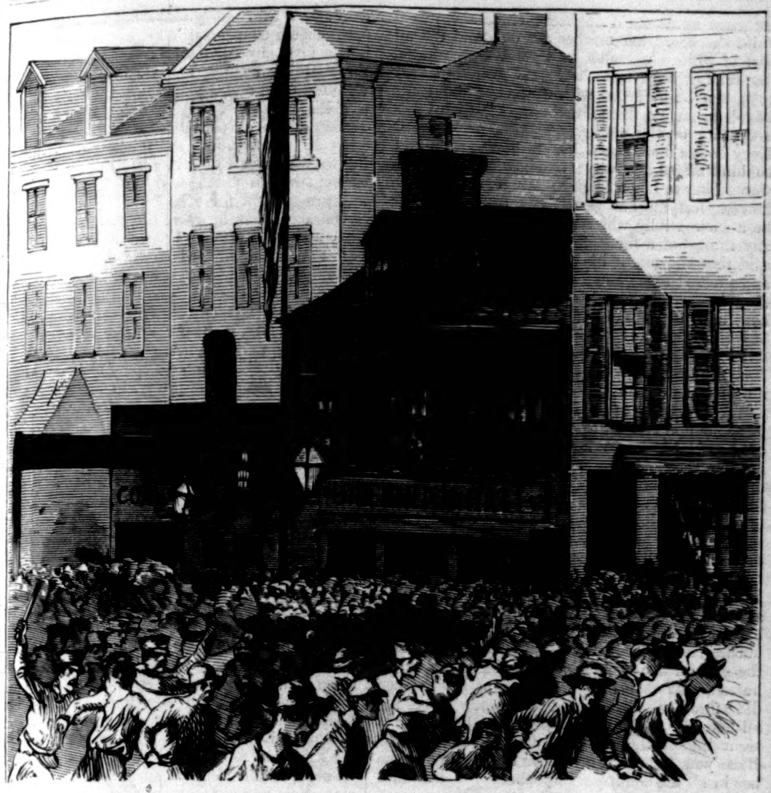
The first installment of the German indemnity was paid on the 12th of July, and the evacuation of the departments of the Seine-Inferieure, Eure, and Somme by the German forces has begun. The representatives from the occupied districts urge M. Thiers to anticipate the future payments of the indemnity. It is said negotiations to that end have been opened.

The murderer of Marshal Prim has been arrested.

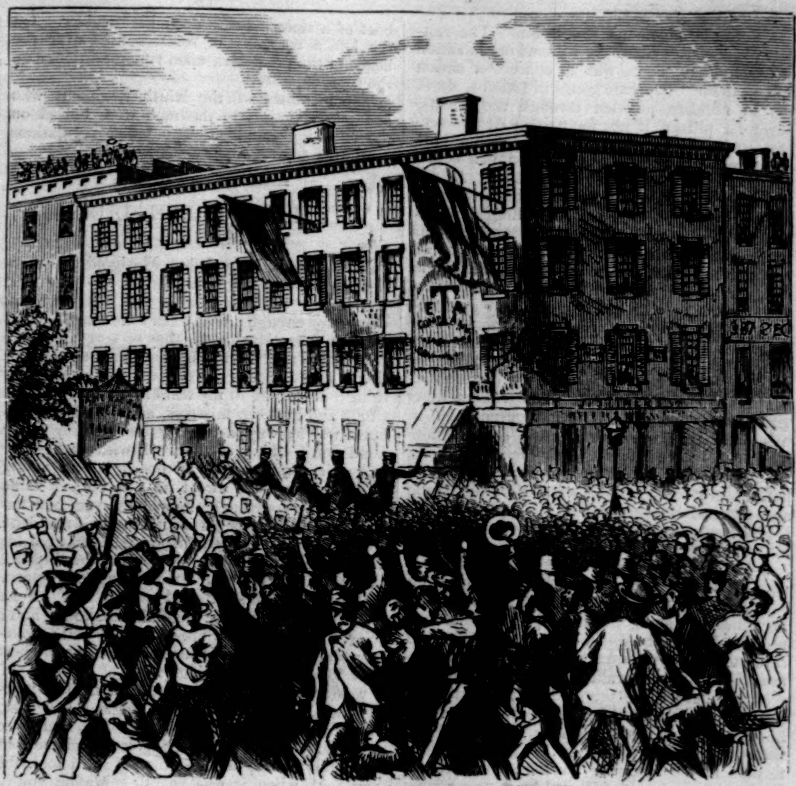
There are fears of a negro insurrection in Jamaica, and the authorities are preparing to deal severely with any attempt at an uprising.



THE ATTACK ON THE PROCESSION, ON EIGHTH AVENUE, BETWEEN TWENTY-FOURTH AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREETS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 693.]



HIBERNIAN HALL.



ORANGE HEAD-QUARTERS, CORNER TWENTY-NINTH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE.

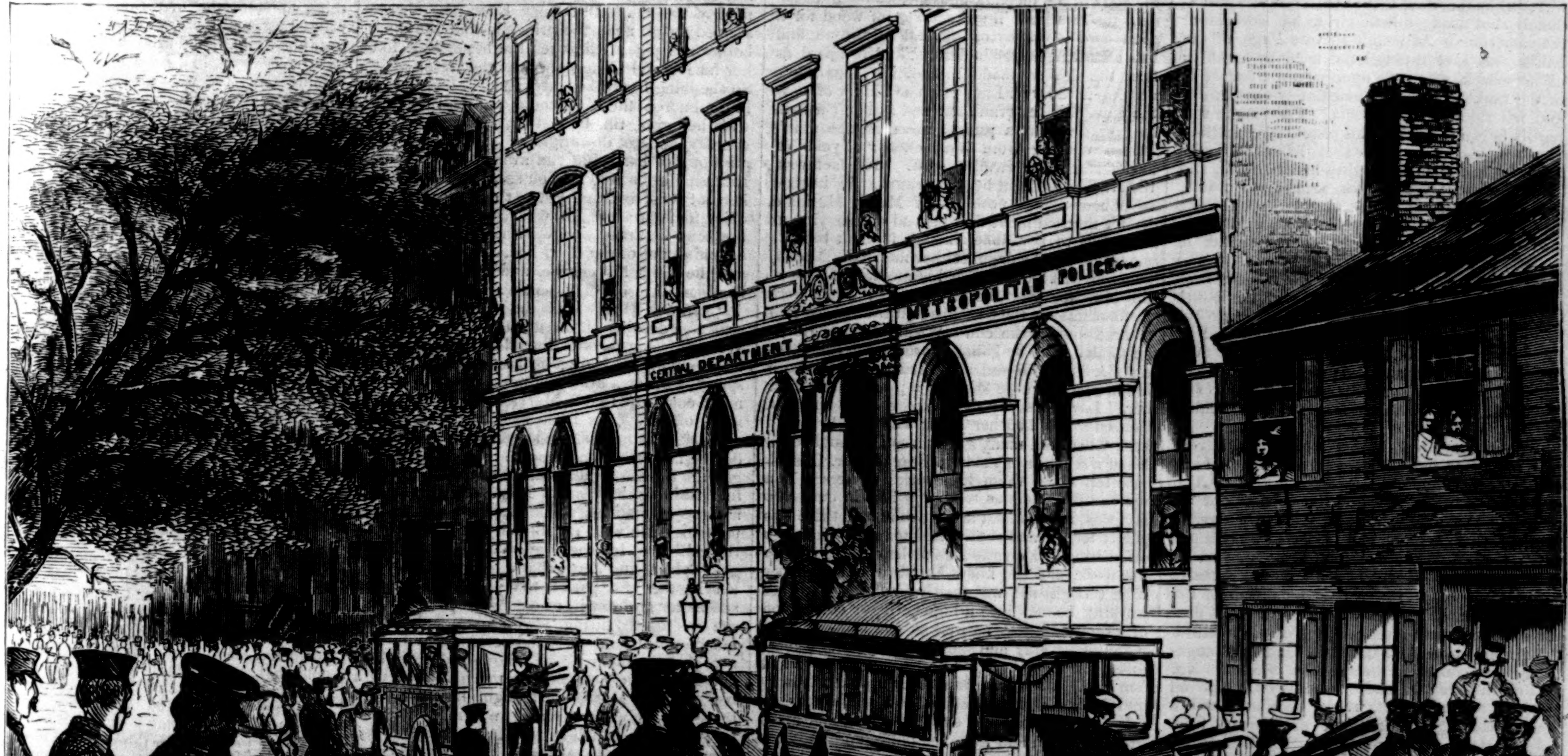
## THE TAMMANY RIOT.

It is generally conceded that the riot of the 12th of July might have been prevented if the Tammany leaders had possessed the courage to perform their duty. For several weeks previous to the outbreak the Hibernian societies had met every night at their lodges for the purpose of drilling, and made no secret of their intention to attack the Orangemen if the parade took place. Instead of warning these men that their lawless designs would be prevented by force if necessary, the city authorities cowered before them, and endeavored to coax and wheedle them out of their intentions. Emboldened by this pusillanimous and cringing attitude, the Hibernians became still more defiant, and at length forced the Mayor and the police authorities into the disgraceful surrender to the mob, the story of which is told in the official documents printed on another page of this paper.

The storm of popular indignation which frightened Tammany, and compelled Governor Hoffman, at the eleventh hour, to rescind the infamous "General Order, No. 57," seems to have had no effect upon the rioters. They did not understand, perhaps, the panic which covered their friends in power with confusion; at any rate, it was not shared by them. For two weeks the Mayor had been giving them assurances that the parade would be prevented, and they would not believe he would "go back on them" when the time came. The consequence was that on the morning of the fatal day threatening demonstrations took place in those quarters of the city where the Irish reside in greatest numbers, and sullen groups of ferocious-looking men, most of them armed, gathered at the street corners in the threatened districts. Among these groups, eye-witnesses report, women were most conspicuous by the vehemence with which they denounced Orangemen, police, and soldiers alike; and children of both sexes gathered about them, ignorant alike of their own danger and the desperate resolution of those about them.

In the course of the forenoon it became known that Gideon Lodge of Orangemen, which had intended to join the celebration in New Jersey, had made a change in their programme, and, relying upon the assurances of Governor Hoffman's proclamation, determined to parade in New York. They had sent notice of their intention to Governor Hoffman, and received from him a promise of protection to the utmost extent of the civil and military authorities. As an earnest of this protection, a strong force of police was immediately sent to their lodge-room at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue. The military did not arrive there till afternoon.

While preparations for the parade were in progress within the hall an excited crowd gathered in the street, increasing rapidly in numbers until it overflowed into the adjoining streets, and extended half a dozen blocks either way on Eighth Avenue. The majority of this crowd appeared to be Ribbonmen, and they were evidently waiting with impatience for an opportunity to



DELIVERING CAPTURED ARMS AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.

attack the Orangemen's procession. The rioters appeared to be entirely without organization or leadership. There was no concert of action among them. Separate gangs of ruffians, six to ten in number, prowled through the streets, eager for pillage, if not for fight. At the several rendezvouses of the Hibernians many bore rifles, regardless of the policemen on their beats, who made no attempt to disarm them. In the upper part of the city the rioters began to move southward at an early hour, compelling all workmen on their routes to desist and join with them. In one or two instances movements were made against the houses of men who had protected the Orangemen during the riots of last year, but as the rioters were without leadership they gradually dispersed before carrying their threats into execution. Attacks were made by the rioters on one or two armories where arms are known to be stored, but the resistance of a few determined policemen cowed the mob. The rioters were vicious and fierce enough for any purpose, but it was plain they were without the organization they had boasted. Still their demonstrations were so threatening before ten o'clock that the police were compelled to seize Hibernia Hall, and General SHALER called for a regiment of troops from Brooklyn, where, as in Jersey City, all had been comparatively quiet.

About half past two o'clock the procession began to move. Before the command to march had been given paving-stones and bricks had been hurled among the troops, and one or two pistol-shots were fired at them. The police, who acted throughout the day with the greatest coolness, bravery, and prudence, charged upon the crowd whenever the pressure became threatening, and drove back the rioters. They returned, however, as soon as the police fell back, so that the relief was only temporary. The column was formed in the following manner: The Seventh Regiment came first, followed by a strong force of police; then came a body of press reporters; then the Orangemen, with the Eighty-fourth Regiment on their left and the Twenty-second on their right; the Sixth and Ninth followed; and a force of police brought up the rear. The Orangemen numbered only one hundred and sixty. When the column commenced moving down the avenue a few shots were fired at the troops; but nothing serious occurred until the head of the line had reached Twenty-third Street, and the Orangemen were nearly opposite Twenty-fourth Street. Here they were fired upon from a tenement-house on the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue. The forbearance of the military had perhaps been misinterpreted by the Ribbonmen, who now boldly made their appearance in third-story windows and on the roofs. Whole chimneys were torn down and the bricks hurled at the procession. Shots were fired from alleys and cellar-ways. A woman who waved a handkerchief to the procession was immediately shot dead; a little girl at her side shared the same fate. At length Private Page, of the Ninth, was shot through the head by a ruffian on horseback, who rode up to within a few yards of the ranks. He was immediately shot down, and fell riddled with bullets. The smoke was hardly blown away from his pistol before retribution overtook him. Other shots from the rioters followed, and then the Eighty-fourth, Sixth, and Ninth, without waiting for immediate orders, but in pursuance of a general order, opened fire upon the mob. The crowd broke wildly and fled down the side streets, seeking shelter in cellars, behind steps, and in door-ways. The troops were excited, and for a few minutes fired rather wildly, the extreme rear of the Ninth sending a few shots up Eighth Avenue into the platoon of policemen who were stationed at Twenty-ninth Street. They soon recovered their coolness, however, and the procession moved on again, leaving a hundred or more dead and wounded men, women, and children behind them.

The mob made no further attempt to obstruct the march of the Orangemen and their escort. The riot was suppressed by one short fight. The most desperate of the mob slunk away and refused to resume the attack. It was a terrible but effective remedy; and in view of what might have happened had the mob been allowed to gather strength, it was also a merciful remedy. The procession traversed only a portion of the intended route, but made a short-cut to its destination in Fourth Avenue near Cooper Institute. The military masked the little band of Orangemen, who concealed their regalia, filed into No. 4 Fourth Avenue, made their way through an alley to another street, where there happened to be no crowd, separated, and disappeared from observation. There was no further disturbance during the day or night. So ended the great riot of 1871.

The casualities of the day were as follows: *Killed*—two soldiers (of the Ninth), one policeman, forty-four civilians; *Wounded*—seventeen soldiers, nine policemen, and sixty-seven civilians.

Of our illustrations, those on page 693 show the head-quarters of the Hibernian and Orange societies, and the transfer of captured arms to the Police Head-quarters in Mulberry Street. The larger illustration on page 692 will give the reader a capital idea of the scene of the firing at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. It was drawn from a sketch by our special artist, who is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and was on the spot at the time. The line of soldiers stretching across the picture in the foreground is the rear company of the Seventh. Behind them is visible the marshal of the Orange procession, conspicuous by being on horseback. The moment chosen by our artist was when the rioters were firing upon the procession from the windows, roofs, and awnings of adjacent houses, provoking the return fire of the troops. On one side the police are seen driving back the mob. One officer is tearing open the coat of a rioter to take away his revolver. On the left a company of soldiers fires over the heads of the procession upon rioters stationed on the roofs opposite.

The members of the Ninth Regiment who had fallen victims to the mob were buried on the following Sunday. The police regulations prevented any attempt at disturbance.

## WHY LUCY ELLEN DID NOT MARRY.

WHY didn't Lucy Ellen Marigold git merried? Hedn't any chances, eh? Now jest you let me tell you how it was. Lucy Ellen was pretty enough; that wasn't the trouble; but you see them Marigolds, they're sort of queer. Now I don't go for ter say but she's as well off single as merried; there's two sides ter every thing; according to my thinking, I'd as soon be single and my own mistress, as like Miss Hollyhock, who's always a-lugging round a baby in one hand and a-doing of the work with t'other; or like Miss Smilax—you've heern tell of young Smilax, how awful sweet he was on her while they were a-courting? Law, bless you, how naturs do change after gitting themselves merried: 'twasn't more'n a fortnight afore he changed his tune; she'd no more durst ask him for sixpence than you durst put your head into a lion's mouth.

To be sure, it's different with a man; if he don't merry, who's ter mend and make for him? Who's ter coddle him up, and flatter and encourage him like? Who's ter help him put the best foot forward, when things kind of hitch? If I was asked, I'd jest advise all the men to marry, and all the women to stay single. However, that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen, that I see on, though ter be sure she's took my advice, but no credit to her, no more than if she'd took the varioloid, when it was round. Maybe you've heerd of her gran'ther, Elder Marigold? The folks set a heap by the elder hereabouts, though he was the outspokenest man that ever preached; for instance, there was Deacon Thrift, used to live out on the turnpike; the deacon was mighty close-fisted, you see, and some folks went for ter say that it was worse 'n that. However, the elder got wind of how the deacon hed sold six foot of wood to Widder Hood for a good cord, and the next Sabbath the elder he gits up in the pulpit and preaches about the widder and the fatherless—though mercy knows Miss Hood hedn't no children, and was a sight better off than the deacon and elder put together; but that wasn't no kind of reason why she should be cheated out of her eye-teeth, which they were false; and so the elder he goes for ter say—a-leaning way out over the pulpit-cushing and pointing fust ter one place and then to another—"I don't care who it is, or where he sits—whether in the gallery or in the body of the meeting-house, *or in the deacons' seat*, the man that 'll sell six foot of wood for a good cord is worthy of fire and brimstone, and I'm afeerd he'll git his deserts." I've heerd as how the deacon made restitootion; but that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen as I know of, only the elder was her gran'ther, and as likely a man as ever give out a psalm; however, she didn't inherit nothing from him, except a yoke of steers and some farming stuff. The fact was, the Marigolds might hev been somebodies instead of nobodies and nothings, if Marsh Marigold hedn't merried as he did, instead of merrying as he ought to hev done, though it don't become me to say who he ought ter hev merried. Marsh, you see, was named after his mother's family—the Marshes over the river yonder; they were fust cousins ter the Swamps and the Boggs, rich as mud could make 'em. Wa'al, you see, Marsh he spoiled it all by going and merrying the slackest piece of flesh and blood that ever handled a broom, jest because she hed a pretty face on ter her. Laws, the way she used for to cut up was a caution; she hed her sister Tildy ter live with her. Goodness, many's the times I've laughed till I hed a stitch in my side to hear old Dr. Heartsease tell about them highsterics of hers. You see one day she was took very bad in one: the fact was, it was about haying-time, and there was plenty ter do, and she wanted ter shirk it and go off visiting her own folks and leave Tildy ter do the work, and she knew Marsh would send her if he thought she was poorly; so away she goes working herself into a highsteric, or convulsion or something, jest as well as she knew how ter manufactur 'em; and she did know better'n most folks, for she'd been with a woman who'd hed 'em real. So Marsh he saddles up old Flyaway and brings Dr. Heartsease, and the doctor he takes a pinch of snuff deliberate like, and looks at her tongue, and feels her pulse, and finds out as how she's a-playing 'possum the worst kind; and says he to Tildy, says he,

"Jest bring me up a big pitcher of b'iling water—*of b'iling water;* b'iling hot, remember—and a tin tunnel!"

"Whatever in the world are you going for ter do, doctor?" says Tildy.

"Never you mind, Tildy," says he. "I'm going ter cure her up; you jest run and bring me a big pitcher of b'iling hot water and a tin tunnel." Then, while Tildy was gone for 'em, says he ter the patient: "Now, Miss Marigold, if you don't come out of that 'there fit of yourn" (and he spoke mighty stern like), "my treatment is, in such cases, ter pour the b'iling water down the patient's throat through the tin tunnel." And, bless you, she come right out of it afore the b'iling water and the tin tunnel got up stairs.

"I feel better now," says she; "but ain't that rather severe treatment, doctor?" for, you see, she believed he meant to do it.

"In severe cases," says he, "we use severe measures;" and then he took another pinch of snuff and said good-by, and Marsh sent her over to see her folks that afternoon for fear she'd hev a relapse. You see, Lucy Ellen hedn't no chance ter grow up as she'd oughter; since she was a child she heerd her mother act out, and tell all sort of white fibs—such as how Marsh wanted her ter hev help, and she herself wouldn't hear to it, nor be bothered with a servant about the house, a-putting their fingers inter the jam, and a-stealing of the clothes off one's back, when Lucy Ellen hed heerd her father say that he couldn't afford it noway; and how Mr. Marigold wanted her to hev a Leghorn bonnet and French flowers, but, for her part, she thought it would be a wicked folly when so many heathen hedn't any thing but a fig leaf, when Marsh hed only said that she might hev her old straw whitened and pressed over, and Lucy knew that the heathen 'd never git any thing better if they looked ter her; and then she'd tell how Marsh wanted ter buy another horse, when Lucy knew he hed ter sell Flyaway to pay off part of a mortgage. Oh, I tell you, they were the greatest cases for stretching of the stocking out of all kind of shape, so you'd hardly hev know'd what it was in the first place, and, of course, Lucy Ellen got ter be a chip of the old block. When she and her mother 'd got up their bonnets all by theirselves, they'd make folks think they'd bought 'em over ter Shopville, and all that sort of deceit. They used ter make as though they hed plum-cake for tea regular, and Damson preserves was common as dirt, and green tea was a drug, and loaf-sugar no great shakes. But, gracious, you couldn't hev got the young fellows ter believe a word of it ag'in Lucy Ellen; she'd jest bewitched 'em out of their senses with her brown eyes and her blushes, and her airs and graces; they'd 'a kissed the ground she walked on, but she jest amused herself, and then flung 'em over, as her mother did afore her. And she *was* a pretty piece, for all her silly notions; for, you see, she looked a sight higher than any of the neighbors' sons. Bless you, I doubt if there was a match ter please her in all the country round, she hed such a mind ter be a fine lady, and not bring the water ter wash her hands; she thought it was downright vulgar ter work for your living, or ter be seen doing it; and you might know when the Marigolds was house-cleaning, for there wasn't a blind left open; and washing-days you might have pulled at the bell till all was blue afore you'd raised any body, and they hung their clothes in the attic.

But one day she got her comeupance. You see, every spring the court comes down here, and a heap of lawyers along with it—fine-looking gentlemen, with kid gloves on their hands, and a lot of notions in their heads, and bags full of papers and things. Wa'al, one morning there comes a young Mr. Barrister along with them, as handsome as a pictur, and with manners like silk, and any number of cases ter look ter. The moment he clapped his eyes on Lucy Ellen he was a lost man. Law sakes, the pains he took ter git interduced to her! I heerd tell as how he lost several cases that term, and his clients was mighty cut up. But Lucy Ellen, she always seemed ter go upon the principle that the more bother she put a fellow ter the better he'd like her for it; and I guess she hed the rights of it. So she hung back like sixty, and jest flirted with him all across the court-room, and on the street with her eyes, till, by-and-by, he cornered her one day, and got downright acquainted. It was all along of her being run away with by young Reuben Fleet's pony. You see, he was a-taking her out ter drive, and jest got out ter the post-office for half a minute, when, whisk! off went the pony like mad. Mr. Barrister, he was jest a-coming out of the court-house with a witness, and he seed his chance, and "went for that heathen Chinee" of a pony, and stopped him jest as Lucy Ellen was on the p'int of losing her senses and being throwed out of the carriage. Wa'al, of course, after that they couldn't stand on ceremony no more; he'd saved her life, and sprained his own arm, and nothing ter do but he must come up to Pa Marigold's and be made much of, and Lucy Ellen bound up his arm in cold baths as tender as a sweetheart; and every day he hed ter go and report himself till the arm got all right. And then, after they'd got him into training, he went of his own will, jest like a piece of machinery that hed once got an impetuous. He used ter slip out of court between the calling of his cases, and clip over ter Marigold's place, and hev a chat along with Lucy Ellen in the best parlor, that always made you sneeze ter go inter it, or out in the porch, where she was mostly sitting, sewing like a lady in her muslin gowns and curls and necklaces and whatnots that the other young fellows hed given her. Oh, I tell you, he was that much in love with her that the Marigolds thought it was a sure thing—though he'd never said nothing in particular; and I heerd tell as how Miss Marigold hed begun to stone the raisins for the wedding-cake, and looked at Swiss muslins and delusion lace over ter Shopville. But there's many a hole in the skimmer, and one of 'em was big enough for Lucy Ellen's beau ter slip through. It was enough ter make your heart big with envy and wish yourself young ag'in, with a blush in your cheek, and a fortune in your eyes, to see her and Mr. Barrister together, a-walking to meeting, and a-loitering along the way, and a-hanging over the gate in the twilights, and a-sailing off at sunset on the river. Wa'al, we can't be young but onst. How he used ter look at her, with his soul in them great eyes of his'n, and every word she said was law and gospel to his ears. Them was heydays for Lucy Ellen, and they might hev lapped over ter this time if she'd hed a proper respect for the truth, and not 'a tried to deceive and hoodwink him as was honest as daylight with her, and would hev thought all the better of her for being capable and doing her duty. But there, it was the way she was brought up: "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." It was second natur for her ter make believe, and I don't know as she could help it, no more'n she could help looking like an apple blossom. Dear, dear! how every body was a-talking about what a handsome couple they'd be, and what a match it was for Lucy Ellen, and a-looking forward to the wedding fixings, and ter dreaming on the wedding-cake and a-planning it all out for her, as folks do! He used ter bring her books of verses, and read 'em sitting on the door-step at Lucy Ellen's feet, and she thinking of goodness knows what, for I doubt if she understood a word of 'em, though she made believe mighty natural and pretty: she knew how.

One day when he drove her over ter Shopville he asked what number of glove she wore.

"The last pair I bought," said she, "was sixes." And so they were. They'd got, by mistake, you see, in among the sevens, and she'd hed to sell 'em ter Hitty Haven for half price. So Mr. Barrister he goes and buys the handsomest pair of sixes, the color of the lilock bushes, and all perfumed up; and Lucy Ellen she thanks him in her pretty, innocent way, and puts 'em out of sight; and soon as ever his back's turned, over she skips ter Shopville, by herself, and gits a pair of sevens; and when he comes ter walk ter meeting with her next Sunday, says she, smiling up at him sweet as musk,

"I shall never put on my beautiful gloves, Mr. Barrister, without thinking of you."

"I wish they might last forever, then," said he. And I'll be bound that Lucy Ellen's heart gave a great thrill of pain and delight, jest as mine did when her father— But there; that's nothing to do with Lucy Ellen, only I'll be bound she thought he was going for ter say something worth hearing. But he never did say any thing nigher to it. She's got them lilock sixes hid away among her finery ter this day, dreadful witnesses of her folly. Perhaps she keeps 'em as a kind of reminder of her sins—as penance, you know—though, goodness knows, she's suffered for 'em. Wa'al, I sometimes think troubles is sent for our advantage, ter learn us things we wouldn't hev no idee of without 'em. Now if Lucy Ellen hed merried Mr. Barrister, and things hed gone on smooth, and she'd 'a lived in grandeur all her days, like as not she'd 'a gone on deceiving and making believe to the end of the chapter, without ever seeing the harm or quite knowing what she was a-doing of; but one day comes along this here disappointment, and sort of stirs the soul up, and sets it ter wondering what it's all for; and she goes ter thinking and reflecting about herself, and the upshot is that Lucy Ellen Marigold isn't the same girl today as she was the last time she set eyes on Mr. Barrister. You see the term of court was drawing ter a close, and Mr. Barrister he was as deep in love as ever, when, that last day, he went over to Marigold's place, round by Farmer Knowles's cider-mill, and up the lane where the wild roses grew, that led by Miss Marigold's kitchen windows; and going by, natural enough, he looked in, without a thought of doing any thing unhandsome, or peeking where he wasn't wanted ter, and there, with her sleeves rolled up over her white, round arms, with her cheeks like twin roses, eyes like jewels, stood Lucy Ellen, ironing away the week's washing for dear life, and humming a love-song. Of course she didn't see *him*, though he stood stock-still for a full minute, drinking in the loveliness and the deftness of her. Then he walked round ter the fore-door and pulled the bell. There was some delay in answering of the door, and then Miss Marigold herself opened it, smiling like summer.

"Wouldn't Mr. Barrister walk in? So glad to see him."

Mr. Barrister went in, heart as light as a feather, and his mind made up, I don't doubt, ter ask Lucy Ellen to be his'n.

"Can I see Miss Lucy?" said he.

"Ahem!" said she, a-coloring and clearing her throat; "Lucy Ellen will be in presently, I guess; she stepped out a while ago ter make a call up to Square Tendom's. I'm expecting her back any moment."

Can't you see the poor young man's face at such wonderful news, the eyes big with astonishment and pain? I wonder which he believed at that fust moment, his own ears or his own eyes?

"Miss Lucy has gone out, has she?" he said, taking up his hat and looking queer.

"Yes. Oh, don't be thinking of going, Mr. Barrister; she left word that she'd be back in a jiffy" (pushing open the blind), "and I was ter keep who called. There, I do believe she's coming now; no; but she'll be back afore long, depend on't." And then she fell ter telling him big stories about the Marshes and the Swamps, and a pot of gold that was said ter be buried on the place, nobody knew where, and it didn't matter; and Mr. Barrister jest answered "No," and "Yes," and "Ah," without hearing a word of it all, till Miss Marigold began for ter think him the miserablest company in the world, when, by-and-by, the fore-door opened, and in came my lady, Lucy Ellen, flushed and beaming, dressed in her good clothes, with her sunshade and her violet gloves.

"Oh, Mr. Barrister," she cried, "have you been here long? How glad I am ter see you!" And then she stopped and changed color at the strange, strange look in her lover's eyes—or the eyes that hed been her lover's an hour ago—which hed took on a terrible sadness.

"I am going away," said he then. "I wish ter bid you good-by and ter thank you for—for much pleasure and many—many hospitalities."

"But you will come this way ag'in, and come ter see us?" said Lucy Ellen, lighting up, thinking he only wanted a little encouragement. "We hev not lost you altogether?"

"No, Miss Lucy, I shall never come this way ag'in. You *hev* lost me altogether, if that is any thing: and I—I hev lost more than any one; I hev lost my faith in womanhood." And then he took up his hat ag'in and bowed himself out, and they never set eyes on him ag'in. And them's jest the reasons why Lucy Ellen Marigold never got merried.

## FESTAL DAYS IN BERLIN.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

Berlin, *June* 18, 1871.

Before passing to a description of the illumination let me add a few words to what I have written concerning the procession of the 16th. There were during the entire morning processions gathering from all parts of the city, and marching with fine bands—fine bands being plenty as blackberries in Berlin—to meet the troops. These processions were the guilds of laborers in all manner of work, and at their head some one marched with an ensign representing, by little images, their kind of work. Some of these ensigns were very fine, and most of them elaborately decorated. I witnessed an odd incident. Of all the mechanic guilds the needle-gun makers and weapon makers not unnaturally made the handsomest show, and they had ensigns glittering with brilliant military implements arranged in circles and shield-shapes. Just as they had entered Unter den Linden and were passing gayly on there entered and walked behind them the venerable guild of chimney-sweeps! Each chimney-sweep, though abnormally clean, bore his broom valiantly shouldered, and in front was an ensign with the strange device of a large hoop hung round with brooms. The crowd, which had gazed in silence upon the weapon makers, cheered the sweeps till they were hoarse. The two guilds, in singular conjuncture, passed on together the whole length of the crowd, which roared its delight with the chimney-sweeps, who, indeed, received the first ovation of the day.

The equestrian statue of Frederick the Great in the centre of Unter den Linden, just by the Library, is altogether, between the warrior's head and the ground, about fifty feet high. In the whole crowd the most conspicuous personage was a youth who, by some means that defied conjecture, had gained the summit of the statue, and was using Frederick's head for a seat. How he could have climbed the smooth side of the pedestal, the legs of the horse, etc., caused much speculation; but there he was, with the best outlook obtainable. Early in the morning boys had been on the trees thick as foliage, but the police had brought them down. They began a consultation about the man on Frederick's head, but at their first attempt to get him down the crowd growled, and the aspiring youth was left to the enjoyment of his position.

Behind several of the regiments marched the *cantinière*, dressed in bright uniform, like "the daughter of the regiment." The Germans did not, however, have these girls for the general services for which they are employed by the French. In the German camp they attended at sutlers' wagons, and after engagements worked for the wounded with ambulances. I recognized, as she passed before the University tribune, a girl whom I had seen at Rezonville, where she sold me some bread and meat when I was almost starved; and yet another I remembered to have seen at Vionville ministering tenderly to a half-dead Frenchman. The amount of beneficent work done by women in the late war has not been rightly recorded. After the battles around Metz, every spot between that city and Germany to which wounded soldiers were brought witnessed the unwearied services, by day and night, of hundreds of young women—all of them respectable and many of high position—who bathed their wounds and nursed them as if they had been their brothers. The soldiers were always stripped when they were brought in; but mercy and innocence know no blush. The Germans had no female camp-followers of the base sort, and I never saw or heard of one of the women to whom I have referred being treated otherwise than with the utmost respect.

The twilight lasted long, and the illumination did not begin until fully nine o'clock. I then set out on my journey through the city. The War Department was the first to blaze out. Its ninety front windows were fringed with lights of every variety of color, its great door-way was an arch of fire, and on top of it were thirty-two large fires. The English embassy had been forbidden all participation in the festivities, out of respect to France; but it was permitted that their superb mansion should not constitute a dark break in the line of illumination, and so there were four candles in each window. At the American embassy more care was shown, each window holding lights well arranged in diamond shapes. The Foreign Affairs building had brilliant arches of light on doors and windows; but none of the public buildings of the Leipziger Strasse equaled the private houses in glory. The Potsdamer Gate statues were lit up with altars, temples, pillars of light; and a great electric light there and another at the Brandenburg Gate flooded the statues and the whole neighborhood with silvery light. Some of the windows had beautiful tableaux, brought out by lights behind them, which made an exquisite display, the finest effect of this kind being that of a large Vienna company, which had filled its seven lower show windows with admirable life-size copies of the very popular illustrated ballad of "Kutschke's Sieg-Zug"—a thing that shows that Berlin has its Hans Breitmann. The first picture shows the terrible Kutschke parting from his wife, who weeps as she hands him his bottle of schnapps, and his two children, one of whom hands him his gun, the other his equally necessary and nearly as large pipe. The next picture shows Kutschke in the enemy's country. He discovers something (it is a fox) in the bushes, and says, "What is it crouching in the bushes there? I believe it is 'Napolium' (Ick gloob it is Napolium). Nay, Louis, if I get hold of you I shall put you in the aquarium." Picture third shows Kutschke making a requisition on the live stock of an infuriated French beldam. He has a cock struggling at his belt, a duck and a hen led by strings attached to him behind, and drives a pig by the tail. In picture fourth we see him using a Zouave, held by his two legs, as a weapon to demolish a Turco and other Zouaves; we next see him devouring a huge sausage in bivouac; then entering Paris, with the Arc de Triomphe behind him, and tugging a Frenchman by the ear, to the dismay of a crowd of enemies around; and finally we see him home again, with wife and children receiving him from the train. The bays are now around Kutschke's hat; he bears a bouquet and the iron cross on his breast. One boy has shouldered his gun, the other presents a boot-jack; but all of these are inferior delights to that offered by Karline in the shape of a baby born while he was performing heroic exploits in France. He addresses Karline with "Bongschur, madamm!"

The crowd that gathered around these window pictures was fearful, shrieks of the down-trodden being heard at that point at all hours of the night. Not far off the *Kladderadatsch* office had adorned its front with its favorites Schultz and Müller pictured in little gas jets, and with grand arches around them. They seemed to have just recognized each other amidst novel circumstances. Every where angels and eagles—angels and eagles; the angels bearing wreaths to crown the King or some other illustrious individual, the eagles considerably spread out, and oftentimes double-headed. In the space opposite the Reichstag there had been erected a large sheltered floor for free dancing; but the crowd there was so great that no dancing could possibly have taken place, unless it were on top of the people's heads. We merely pressed our way through the room, and then, looking up Leipziger Strasse, saw a great pyramid of fire. It proved to be the gable end of a church. Farther on an ingenious gentleman had his house-top hovered over by little illuminated balloons. Turning a corner we come to the bank, which is spangled over with huge stars, and has the monogram of the King, W. R., put one side in deference to its own ancient monogram, F. R. Then passing the arsenal, which seems, from the fires on it, to be literally on fire (and I was not astonished to hear the alarm-bell during the night), we come to the shop of a famous dry-goods man, Gerson, the Stewart of Berlin; he has a fine illumination representing a Prussian shaking hands with a Bavarian and a Würtemberger.

"If you have taste for the beautiful, look there!" exclaims an ugly rough; but he must have had the soul of an artist in him, for what he pointed us to was a scene of unimaginable glory. From the region of the small craft on the canal—whose masts were lines of variegated flame—we beheld the whole burning, glowing, iridescent Unter den Linden. Had all the stars fallen to earth, and the sun and moon suddenly darted away to earth, to do honor to Germany? Oh, the great temples of azure fire! the thousand arches of red and gold, the Parthenons, Pantheons, all shimmering from crimson to silver, then creeping through violet, yellow—all the rainbow—making upon Berlin, as a foundation, as it were, another, a celestial gold-paved and jasper-walled city! The bronze forms of Frederick the Great and his horse seem to stand against a rising midnight sun. But, Heavens! what is this? Is Berlin at last on fire, and about to share in the moment of splendor the fate of Paris? The buildings become tipped with red flame, a burning, awful hue creeps from tower to tower, and the great roofs of the city seem to be flooded by a great red sea of fire. It is the Schloss! the Schloss! I truly thought with others that the King's Schloss had caught fire. But no; upon its dome had been reared another dome, and this was all one mass of red electric flame, by which the whole city, and the neighborhood for miles around, was made red like blood. In a few moments from the Potsdam Arch a pure white electric flame answered this, and the two electric lights struggled in the air, then mingled and made strange auroral flashes, until both were finally absorbed and lost in the purple of morning.

The theatres of Berlin have been furnishing a great deal of the interest of the festivities. There is no city in the world except Paris where the acting is so good as in Berlin, and on this occasion many of them had plays, comedies, or tableaux vivants adapted to the occasion. At Kröll's Summer Theatre—a beautiful establishment in a garden whose flowers are pendent lilies of light, and whose trees and fountains suggest the realm of Faëry—there was a drama called "From Berlin to Paris," where the fortunes of the soldier were drawn so vividly that the people now roared with laughter and anon dropped tears into their beer. I had the curiosity to go and see a tragedy at the Summer Theatre, Belle-Alliance, called "Der Herzog von Kurland," by Herr Bunge. The theme of the play is the notorious treachery by which Strasburg passed into the hands of the French. It was curiously intertwined with an affecting love story, and abounded in eloquent outbursts, uttered by those who perished to defend it from the clutches of Louis XIV., of the sure destiny that would recover the ancient city to Germany. When the last act closed with a hero torn away from his beloved one, and led out to execution—when the solemn single gun was heard behind the shut prison door—there was a glare upon the thousand men and women of the audience which made one feel how irresistible had been the sentiment in Germany about that ancient Strasburg. The tragedy had closed, but the people waited in dead silence. Then the curtain rose and showed a battle-field strewn thickly with graves—the graves marked by wooden crosses bearing the well-known inscription, "Here rests in God," etc. Faint, sad music accompanied this, and a beautiful woman read a noble poem. Then suddenly in the air above the dreary battle-field shone out a tableau, made of living women and children, showing Germania crowned with victory, so transfigured with light that the eye was dazzled, and around her—uplooking, radiant—all her states, her family, represented by maidens. Ah! what shouts rent the air when among these one was recognized as the genius of Strasburg! It was all under the open air, but the joy of earth hid the stars.

The most important theatrical exhibition, however, was that which may be termed the official one. It occurred on Saturday evening at the Royal Opera-house. No tickets were sold, the King having taken for the evening the whole house, and invited a distinguished assembly to be present. It was a most brilliant occasion. The Opera-house itself is one of the most resplendent buildings within and without, and the company connected with it had become somewhat associated with the war, no fewer than eighty-two members, actors and servants, of the vast establishment having left it to march to the war. The entire court, and all the great generals and the highest families, and the diplomatic corps (excepting Lord Loftus), were present. The King sat with the Queen, and the princes and princesses around him, in the large box occupying the centre of the dress circle, opposite the stage. There was a splendid ovation awarded him as he entered. The performance consisted of a series of allegorical tableaux vivants. The first was called "Zur Heimkehr." After a grand overture by Eckart's noble orchestra, the curtain arose, revealing all the Arts, Graces, Muses, Morning, Noon, Evening, and the Four Seasons, with Justice and Peace at the centre. Justice, with a child holding her scales, and herself bearing a reversed sword, addresses Peace most fondly, welcoming her return; and Peace then calls in her army of maidens in white, each bearing an olive-branch. Beautiful Fräulein Eckhart, with a sweet voice, reads the prologue; and as she now refers to the dead, and now to the victory, softly plaintive or distant triumphal music accompanies her words. At the end there starts forth in the background a picture of the equestrian statue of William III., which the King had unveiled on the previous day.

The next performance was called "Barbarossa." The old red-bearded warrior-king (represented admirably by Herr Niemann) was seen seated in his deep grot in the mountain-side. By him is the cross and his sword. Sounds are heard, and, awakened from slumber, he sends a page, who has entered, to make inquiries as to the condition of his country. While the page is away the great scenes of German history pass as visions before him. These were all magnificent tableaux of living persons. First are seen a troop of Knights Templars bearing the banner of an angel thrusting his spear in a dragon underfoot—the origin of the legend of St. George. The moon rises softly above, and they sink to sleep. Jerusalem gleams in the distance. Peace comes and gently waves her olive-branch over them. Next comes a tableau of the great Kurfürst crossing the sea in a boat, with the ancient ensign of Germany floating over him. Then came Frederick the Great on horseback. Next William III., in the thick of the fight with France in the conflicts of sixty years ago. Then a Schleswig-Holstein allegory—an angel bearing a golden wreath to a prostrate warrior. Then we saw Germania, with a wreath of gold in her extended hand, standing on a pedestal whose pillars were soldiers, each in the uniform of some one of the now united German states. Then the page returns and tells Barbarossa that his time is at hand—that Germany is united and in danger. Barbarossa (with as fine a song as I ever heard) buckles on his armor, and then there shone out a radiant tableau—made by women so beautiful that one would say they had been picked from every region of Germany—representing all the states and districts of the Fatherland. Each bore the ancient ensign of the country she represented. Then finally the curtain rose upon a fine picture of the present King on horseback. This was a signal for an outburst of loyal enthusiasm and joy. The whole audience rose, bowing, and waving handkerchiefs and hats to the King, who bowed in return at first; but afterward his emotion overcame him, and there seemed to be on his flushed face an overpowering remembrance of all his country had passed through, and a recognition of the destiny it was just fulfilling; and he stood still, as one in a dream, as statuesque as the last vision which had just swept before the eyes of the fairly awakened and armed Barbarossa, under whom his first ancestor had enlisted seven hundred years before him.

The weather had all along been charming, but Sunday morning shone with even more of splendor than the preceding days. The great rush was to the cathedral, where it was understood that the King was to attend the festival service. Thither I went, wishing to hear the music, and having a good seat in the pew of the diplomatic corps. The crush was enormous, every standing-place being occupied, and many hundreds surrounding the doors as early as nine o'clock, unable to get in at all. The choir sang its finest anthems, and the people sang all their old German chorals of praise. Around the altar were pots from which grew every variety of evergreen known to Germany, and over the altar was a large palm. The Queen was present, but not the King. After listening to the first jubilant utterances of the preacher, President Hoffman, I slipped out to go elsewhere, for I had found that the King was attending the Garnison's Church. The sermon there was delivered by one who is, perhaps, the best preacher in Berlin, Dr. Formel. It almost beggared, by its pictorial grandeur, the tableaux of the preceding evening at the Opera-house. It was Ernest Bunsen's "God in History" condensed, and illustrated by the tremendous events which the last year has witnessed. The great landmarks of German development arose one after the other, the great heroes who had arisen stood out almost visibly, and then the whole artillery of Heaven seemed to break forth to carry forward the destiny of civilization and humanity over desolated cities and the falling thrones of wrong. The immense throng was hushed to a breathless stillness. The bland and blonde face of the preacher seemed transfigured; his blue eyes now flashed the thunder-spark and now the sunbeam; his boyish frame expanded to grandeur; he spoke as one inspired. Could it be the same man I met the next evening at a social gathering at the house of Professor Lepsius, singing merry and irresistibly droll songs, accompanied on the piano by his own hands, with a group of young men and happy maidens gathered around him? Yes, it was the same; and, as one present remarked, "Formel is equal to any thing—fighting a battle, preaching a great sermon, singing a comic song, climbing Mont Blanc—any thing!" But I must end. The great guns, whose thunderous voices are heard as the King leaves the church, where his sincere thanksgivings have been offered to God, mark that the great Festival of Victory at Berlin has come to an end.

M. D. Conway.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The geological expedition under Professor **Hayden**, at last advices, had reached Fort Hall, in Utah, on the 21st of June, after a march from Ogden, during which much of interest was obtained by the party. The heat was very great, reaching from 95° to 105° degrees in the shade during the day, with a difference of 25° to 35° between the wet and dry bulb thermometers. The party expected to pass Fort Ellis by the middle of July, on its way to the basin of the Yellow Stone Lake, where it will probably spend the greater part of the season. Mr. **Thomas Moran**, of Philadelphia, and Mr. **Bierstadt**, were to join the expedition before long, for the purpose of making sketches for paintings.

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In the August number of the *American Journal of Science* will be found a continuation of the important communications by Professor **Marsh**, of Yale College, in regard to the results of his expedition to the Rocky Mountains during the past year. In addition to a number of new fossil mammals allied to the woodchuck, the gopher, the squirrel, the dog, and the fox, he presents a notice of sundry new species of birds from the tertiary of the West. Among these, is an extinct species of eagle of large size, a turkey, and an owl.

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Mr. **Huggins**, in a recent communication to the Royal Society, reprinted by *Nature*, gives a figure of the spectrum of Uranus, which exhibits some remarkable peculiarities compared with the spectra of the other planets.

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We have before us the annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, for the year 1870, containing interesting communications from Professor **Agassiz**, as the director, and his corps of able assistants. We are glad to learn that the temporary indisposition of the director (now happily past) has not crippled the efficiency of the establishment, and that so much progress has been made in arranging the immense stock of specimens which has been gathered within the walls of the museum from all quarters of the globe. The addition of a number of trained European naturalists, as Dr. **Steindachner**, Dr. **Maack**, Dr. **Hagen**, etc., has given great strength to the scientific corps, and has enabled Professor **Agassiz** to do much toward realizing the magnificent plan that he has proposed, for the permanent arrangement and utilization of the collection.

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We have referred, in a previous article upon American explorations into the fauna of the deep seas, to the proposed work, during the current season, of Mr. **J. F. Whiteaves**, the accomplished secretary and curator of the Natural History Society of Montreal; and we now give a more detailed account of his expected movements. This gentleman has been in America for several years, bringing with him an excellent record as a zoological investigator. Soon after his arrival in this country he associated himself with the Montreal Society of Natural History, and has since that time been working sedulously in its interest. In 1867 he spent a fortnight in Gaspé Bay, where he prosecuted an extended system of dredging, and revisited the same region in 1869, extending his labors to the gulf, between Cape Rozier light-house and Ship-head. Large numbers of marine invertebrates were collected by him, among them two species of shell new to America; but no dredging was prosecuted at a greater depth than sixty fathoms.

The object of his expedition of the present year is to carry on work in deeper water, and for this purpose he expected to start in the schooner *La Canadienne* on the 5th of July, to cruise along the north shores of the gulf as far as Anticosti, or beyond. He goes prepared to prosecute his labors in the deep sea (two to three hundred fathoms) on each side of that island; and from his experience in such researches, and the information derived from the later American and English deep-sea explorations, we have reason to hope for many important discoveries.

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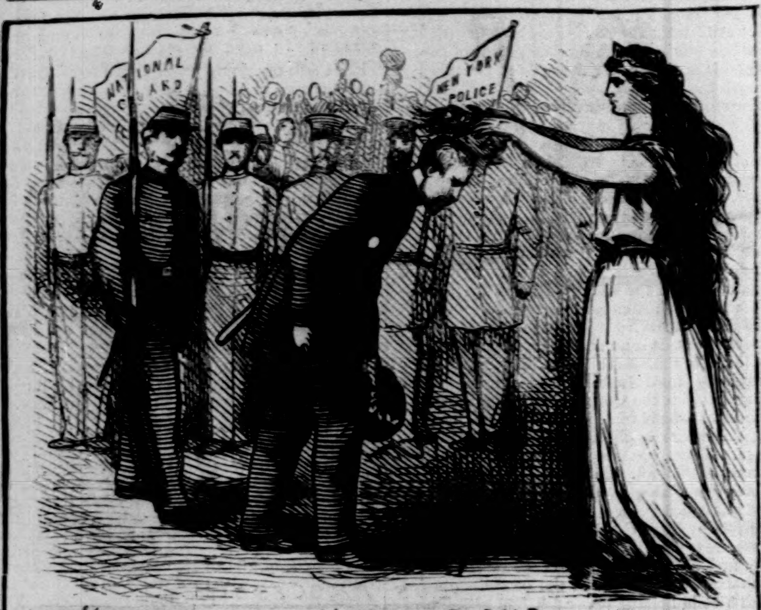
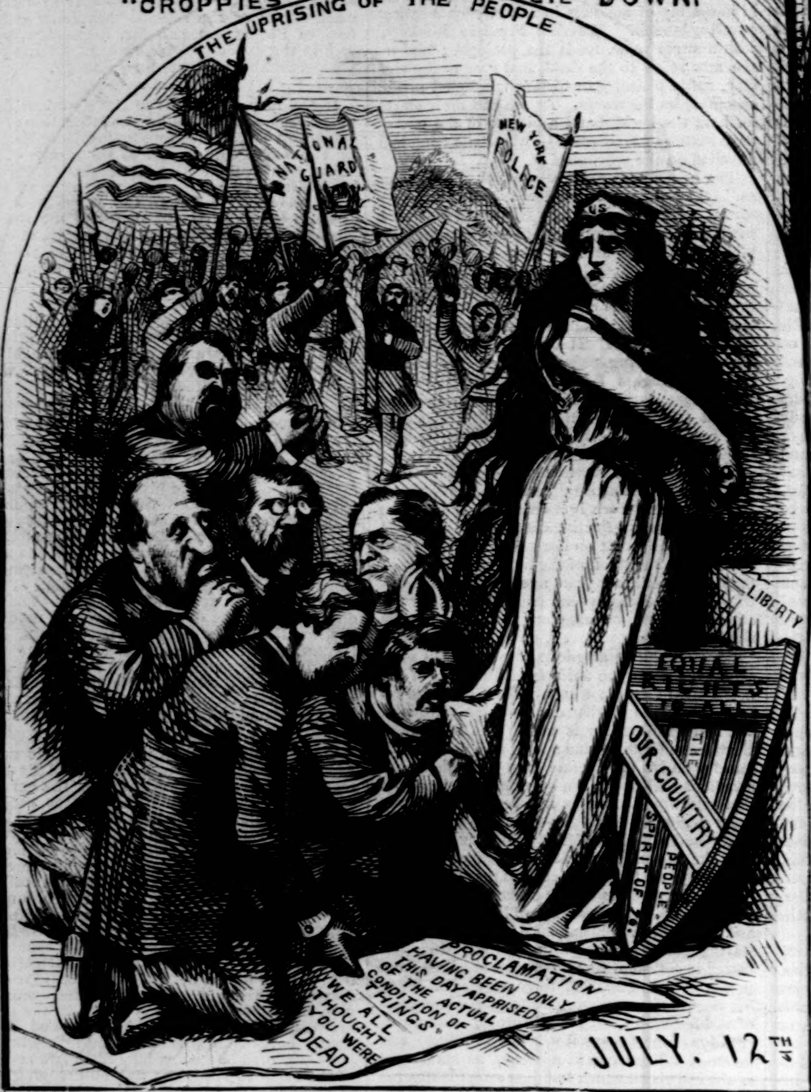
It is announced officially by the Police Department of London that a lime-light will be displayed on the great clock tower at the new Palace of Westminster so long as the House of Commons is sitting. As this light is visible from every part of the metropolis, when it is extinguished it will be known thereby throughout the city that the labors of Parliament have been suspended. The arrangement for displaying the light is to be under the direction of Professor **Tyndall** and Dr. **Percy**.

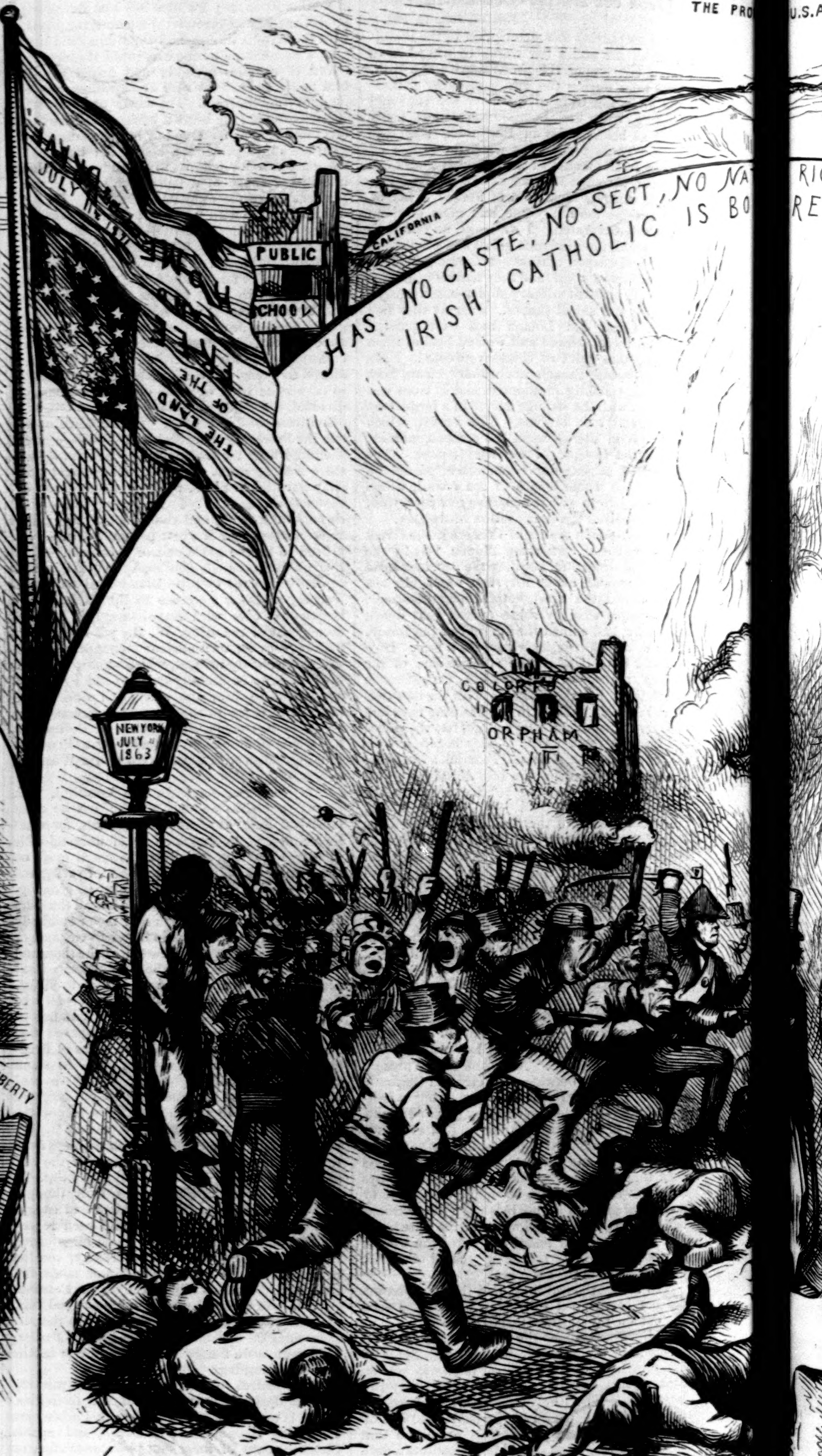
A similar indication is given in Washington of the meetings of the Senate and the House of Representatives by the flying of a flag over the halls, this signal being easily seen from all parts of the city. As the sessions of our national Legislature are only exceptionally held at night, instead of this being the regular custom as in London, there is less necessity for any such indication as that above mentioned, especially as when the evening sessions of Congress are continued into the night the light inside of the dome gives due notice of that fact.


NATIONAL GUARD
NEW YORK POLICE

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

“CROPPIES LIE DOWN.”


THE UPRISING OF THE PEOPLE
NATIONAL GUARD
NEW YORK POLICE
LIBERTY
EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL
OUR COUNTRY
PEOPLE
SPIRIT OF 76
PROCLAMATION HAVING BEEN ONLY THIS DAY APPRISED OF THE ACTUAL CONDITION OF THINGS.
WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
JULY. 12th


THE PRO U.S.A
JULY 12th 1871
THE LAND OF THE FREE AND HOME
PUBLIC SCHOOL
CALIFORNIA
HAS NO CASTE, NO SECT, NO NA RI
IRISH CATHOLIC IS BO RE
COLORED ORPHAN
NEW YORK JULY 1863

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

## COLUMBIA SPEAKS.

What, craven fools! has't come to this, that a mob can overawe
The guardians of my children's rights, my servants clothed with law?
That they should weakly truckle, when they should be most strong,
So recreant to the cause of right, and only brave in wrong?

Abject and weak! ye trembled when firm ye should have stood,
And linked your hands in those of men whose hands are swift to blood:
Your very slaves and tools in wrong your masters have become;
They raised the sword above your head, and you were meek and dumb!

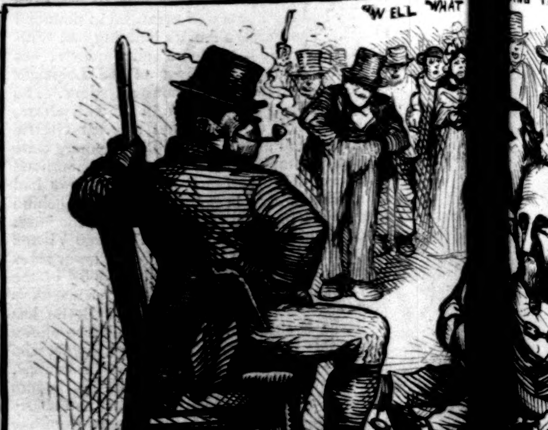
Traitors to law and Me, arise, and to the rearward stand;
It is not fit that they should rule who fear a mob's command
But first the lofty lesson learn that I am here to teach–
The rights of all my children shall be the rights of each!

The lowliest and the weakest have rights must be protected;
The rights of all within the law by all must be respected;
Columbia knows no difference of race, creed, or condition:
No chain upon the Conscience here of State or Inquisition!

But oh, my children, native here, or seeking here a home
From Old-World tyranny and wrong, whenceever ye may come,
Can ye not learn to blend in peace, a free and happy nation,
And differ but as freemen may, with generous toleration?

The land is broad enough for all, the laws are framed to bless,
Strong to protect the rights of all, and never to oppress;
And if the rights of one may be by many trampled down,
We might as well go back to lords and ruler with a crown.

And you, if still your craven hearts can feel a manly throb,
Learn toleration don't include submission to a mob;
Go, gather up your scattered wits, and ever, from this day,
Remember that my motto is, “Give each and all fair play.”


“WELL WHAT ING T

THE SLAVES OF TH KS

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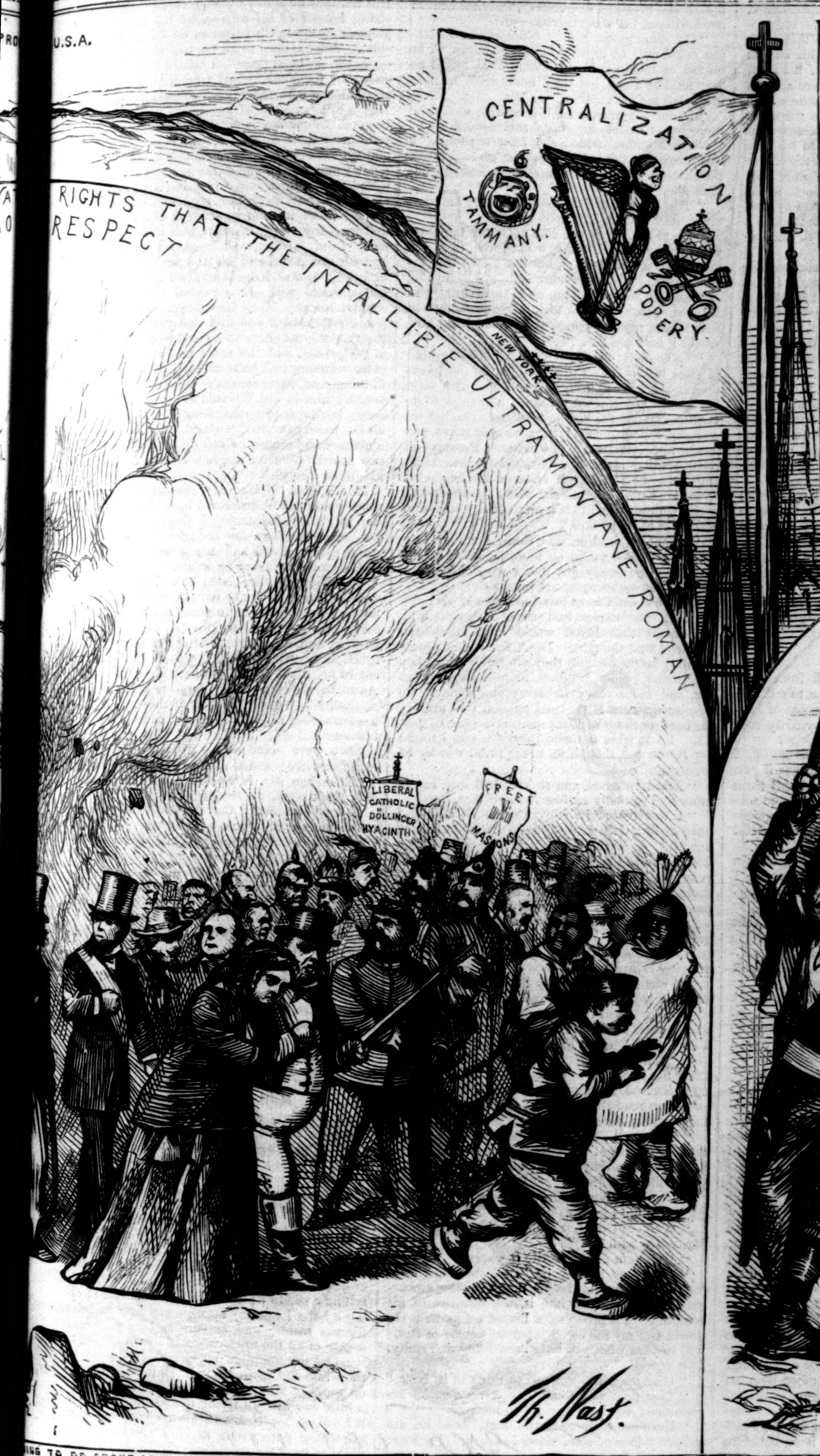
PRO U.S.A.
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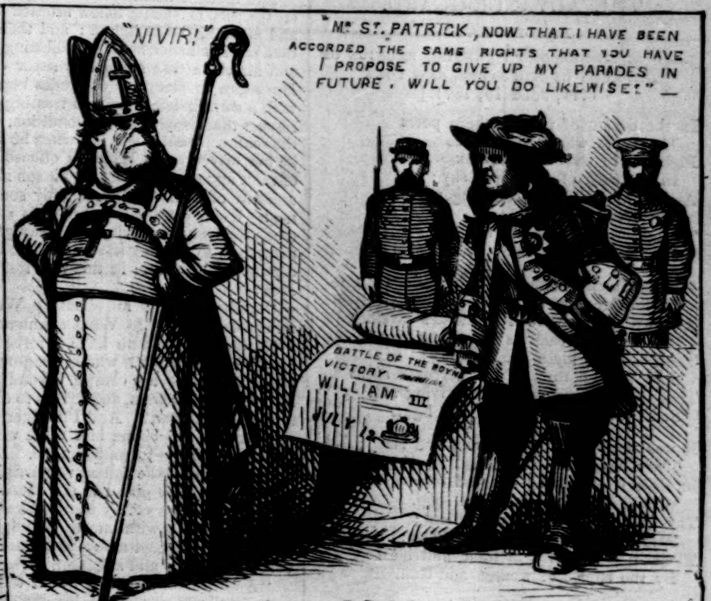
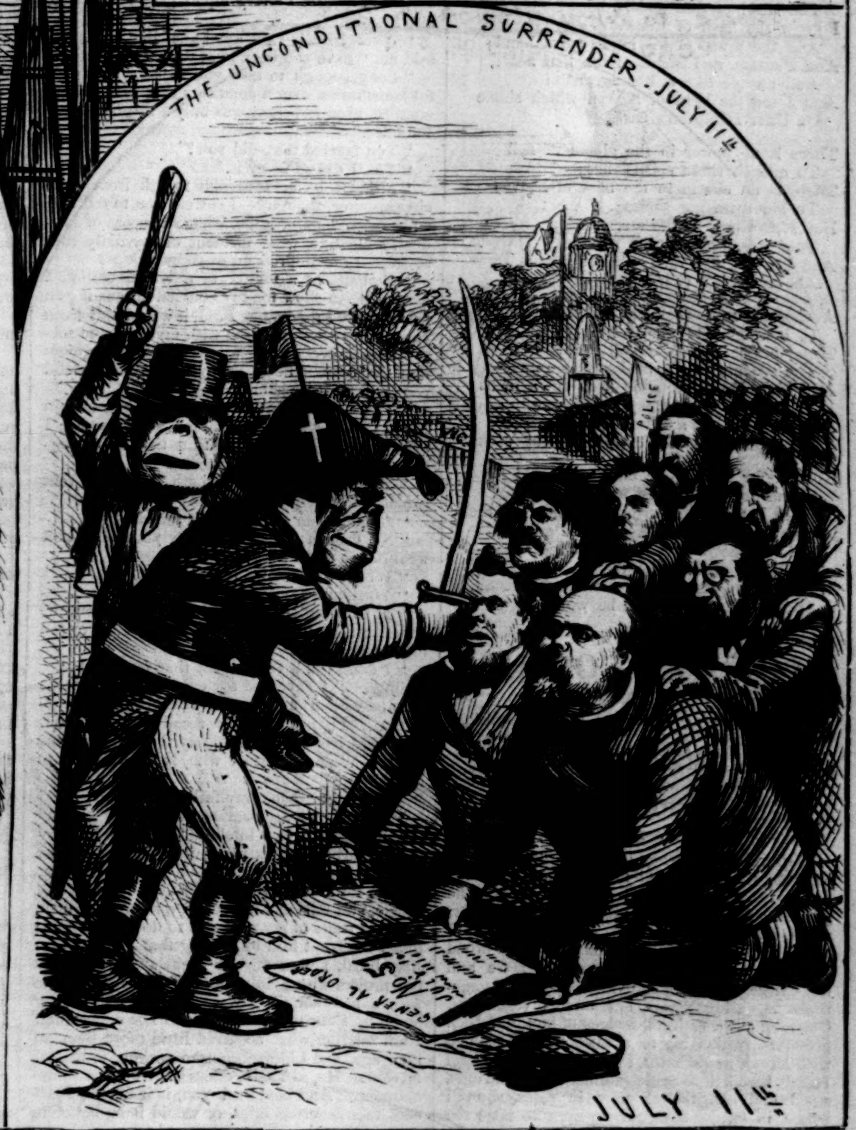
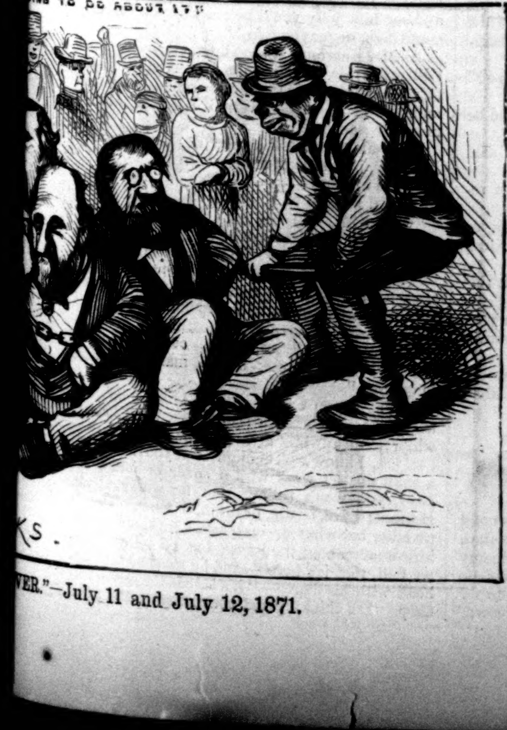

"NIVIR!"
"MR. ST. PATRICK, NOW THAT I HAVE BEEN ACCORDED THE SAME RIGHTS THAT YOU HAVE I PROPOSE TO GIVE UP MY PARADES IN FUTURE. WILL YOU DO LIKEWISE!"—
BATTLE OF THE BOYNE
VICTORY
WILLIAM III
JULY 12

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.


THE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. JULY 11TH
POLICE
GENERAL ORDER
JULY No. 57
JULY 11TH


ING TO DO ABOUT IT?

KS.

## PAT'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, have ye heard the tidings? It's disgusted quite I am!
Our boasted rights and freedom is all a fraud and sham;
The Orangemen parade the day with banners, drums, and guns,
To overawe ould Ireland and her poor, down-trodden sons.

Sure those noble-minded gintlemen, O'Kelso and O'Hall,
Had forbid thim bloody Orangemen that they should march at all,
Lest in their pride and madness they might, belike, waylay
And slaughter ivery Irishman they met upon their way.

It was, d'ye see, a splendid plan whereby to kape the peace,
Without the need of calling out the soldiers and the p'lice;
For if thim coward Orangemen would just kape out of sight,
There'd be no provocation to massacre and fight.

But now they'll go parading down in all their rage and pride,
With soldiers and policemen to guard on ivery side;
And ivery son of Ireland must hide his peaceful head,
And skulk away in cellars in terror and in dread.

Sure it's a shameful spectacle to see thim furren beats
Parading up and down all day and blockin' up the streets;
And to think that native citizens of Irish blood and birth
Must quail before these minions, the scum of all the earth!

But sure the worm will turn against the foot by which 'tis crushed;
And shall the voice of Irishmen for evermore be hushed?
Ah, even these proud oppressors, who tread us down to-day,
Will find their goaded victims may turn at last at bay!

By a traitor's proclamation we're bid to stand aloof,
But I'll claim a freeman's privilege to climb upon some roof:
And I'll get behind a chimly, and from where I can't be seen,
Heave a brickbat at the Orange, in honor of the Green.

WER."—July 11 and July 12, 1871.

## THE ADVANCE-GUARD.

By JOHN HAY.

[READ AT THE SECOND TRIENNIAL REUNION OF THE ARMY OF THE JAMES, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 19, 1871.]

In the dream of the Northern poets
The brave who in battle die
Fight on in shadowy phalanx
In the field of the upper sky;
And as we read the sounding rhyme
The reverent fancy hears
The ghostly ring of the viewless swords
And the clash of the spectral spears.

We think with imperious questionings
Of the brothers that we have lost,
And we strive to track in death's mystery
The flight of each valiant ghost.
The Northern myth comes back to us,
And we feel through our sorrow's night
That those young souls are striving still
Somewhere for the truth and light.

It was not their time for rest and sleep;
Their hearts beat high and strong;
In their fresh veins the blood of youth
Was singing its hot, sweet song.
The open heaven bent over them;
'Mid flowers their lithe feet trod;
Their lives lay vivid in light, and blest
By the smiles of women and God.

Again they come! Again I hear
The tread of that goodly band;
I know the flash of Ellsworth's eye,
And the grasp of his hard, warm hand;
And Putnam, and Shaw, of the lion heart,
And an eye like a Boston girl's;
And I see the light of heaven which shone
On Ulric Dahlgren's curls,

There is no power in the gloom of hell
To quench those spirits' fire;
There is no charm in the bliss of heaven
To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout's crest,
Above Death's clouds they strive.

A chosen corps—they are marching on
In a wider field than ours;
Those bright battalions still fulfill
The scheme of the heavenly powers;
And high, brave thoughts float down to us
The echoes of that far fight,
Like the flash of a distant picket's guns
Through the shades of the severing night.

No fear for them! In our lower field
Let us toil with arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the Battle of Life be won!

# LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DICK'S REVERIE.

When Dick Kearney left his father he walked from the house, and not knowing, or much caring, in what direction he went, turned into the garden. It was a wild, neglected sort of spot, more orchard than garden, with fruit trees of great size, long past bearing, and close under-wood in places that barred the passage. Here and there little patches of cultivation appeared, sometimes flowering plants, but oftener vegetables. One long alley, with tall hedges of box, had been preserved, which led to a little mound planted with laurels and arbutus, and known as "Laurel Hill;" here a little rustic summer-house had once stood, and still, though now in ruins, showed where, in former days, people came to taste the fresh breeze above the tree-tops, and enjoy the wide range of a view that stretched to the Slieve-Bloom Mountains nearly thirty miles away.

Young Kearney reached this spot, and sat down, to gaze upon a scene every detail of which was well known to him, but of which he was utterly unconscious as he looked. "I am turned out to starve," cried he aloud, as though there was a sense of relief in thus proclaiming his sorrow to the winds. "I am told to go and work upon the roads—to live by my daily labor. Treated like a gentleman until I am bound to that condition by every tie of feeling and kindred, and then bid to know myself as an outcast. I have not even Joe Atlee's resource—I have not imbibed the instincts of the lower orders, so as to be able to give them back to them in fiction or in song. I can not either idealize rebellion, or make treason tuneful.

"It is not yet a week since that same Atlee envied me my station as the son and heir to this place, and owned to me that there was that in the sense of name and lineage that more than balanced personal success, and here I am now, a beggar! I can enlist, however—blessings on the noble career that ignores character and defies capacity! I don't know that I'll bring much loyalty to her Majesty's cause, but I'll lend her the aid of as broad shoulders and tough sinews as my neighbors." And here his voice grew louder and harsher, and with a ring of defiance in it. "And no cutting off the entail, my Lord Kilgobbin! no escape from that cruel necessity of an heir! I may carry my musket in the ranks, but I'll not surrender my birthright!"

The thought that he had at length determined on the path he should follow aroused his courage and made his heart lighter; and then there was that in the manner he was vindicating his station and his claim that seemed to savor of heroism. He began to fancy his comrades regarding him with a certain deference, and treating him with a respect that recognized his condition. "I know the shame my father will feel when he sees to what he has driven me. What an offense to his love of rank and station to behold his son in the coarse uniform of a private! An only son and heir, too! I can picture to myself his shock as he reads the letter in which I shall say good-by, and then turn to tell my sister that her brother is a common soldier, and in this way lost to her forever!

"And what is it all about? What terrible things have I done? What entanglements have I contracted? Where have I forged? Whose name have I stolen? whose daughter seduced? What is laid to my charge, beyond that I have lived like a gentleman, and striven to eat and drink and dress like one? And I'll wager my life that for one who will blame him there will be ten—no, not ten, fifty—to condemn me. I had a kind, trustful, affectionate father, restricting himself in scores of ways to give me my education among the highest class of my contemporaries. I was largely supplied with means, indulged in every way, and if I turned my steps toward home, welcomed with love and affection."

"And fearfully spoiled by all the petting he met with," said a soft voice, leaning over his shoulder, while a pair of very liquid gray eyes gazed into his own.

"What, Nina!—Mademoiselle Nina, I mean," said he, "have you been long there?"

"Long enough to hear you make a very pitiful lamentation over a condition that I, in my ignorance, used to believe was only a little short of Paradise."

"You fancied that, did you?"

"Yes, I did so fancy it."

"Might I be bold enough to ask from what circumstance, though? I entreat you to tell me, what belongings of mine, what resources of luxury or pleasure, what incident of my daily life, suggested this impression of yours?"

"Perhaps, as a matter of strict reasoning, I have little to show for my conviction, but if you ask me why I thought as I did, it was simply from contrasting your condition with my own, and seeing that in every thing where my lot has gloom and darkness, if not worse, yours, my ungrateful cousin, was all sunshine."

"Let us see a little of this sunshine, Cousin Nina. Sit down here beside me, and show me, I pray, some of those bright tints that I am longing to gaze on."

"There's not room for both of us on that bench."

"Ample room; we shall sit the closer."

"No, Cousin Dick; give me your arm and we'll take a stroll together."

"Which way shall it be?"

"You shall choose, cousin."

"If I have the choice, then, I'll carry you off, Nina; for I'm thinking of bidding good-by to the old house and all within it."

"I don't think I'll consent that far," said she, smiling. "I have had my experience of what it is to be without a home, or something very nearly that. I'll not willingly recall the sensation. But what has put such gloomy thoughts in your head? What, or rather who, is driving you to this?"

"My father, Nina, my father!"

"This is past my comprehending."

"I'll make it very intelligible. My father, by way of curbing my extravagance, tells me I must give up all pretension to the life of a gentleman, and go into an office as a clerk. I refuse. He insists, and tells me, moreover, a number of little pleasant traits of my unfitness to do any thing, so that I interrupt him by hinting that I might possibly break stones on the highway. He seizes the project with avidity, and offers to supply me with a hammer for my work. All fact, on my honor! I am neither adding to nor concealing. I am relating what occurred little more than an hour ago, and I have forgotten nothing of the interview. He, as I said, offers to give me a stone-hammer. And now I ask you, is it for me to accept this generous offer, or would it be better to wander over that bog yonder, and take my chance of a deep pool or the bleak world, where immersion and death are just as sure, though a little slower in coming?"

"Have you told Kate of this?"

"No. I have not seen her. I don't know, if I had seen her, that I should have told her. Kate has so grown to believe all my father's caprices to be absolute wisdom, that even his sudden gusts of passion seem to her like flashes of a bright intelligence, too quick and too brilliant for mere reason. She could give me no comfort, nor counsel either."

"I am not of your mind," said she, slowly. "She has the great gift of what people so mistakingly call *common*-sense."

"And she'd recommend me, perhaps, not to quarrel with my father, and to go and break the stones."

"Were you ever in love, Cousin Dick?" asked she, in a tone every accent of which betokened earnestness, and even gravity.

"Perhaps I might say never. I have spooned or flirted, or whatever the name of it might be, but I was never seriously attached to one girl, and unable to think of any thing but her. But what has your question to do with this?"

"Every thing. If you really loved a girl—that is, if she filled every corner of your heart, if she was first in every plan and project of your life, not alone her wishes and her likings, but her very words and the sound of her voice—if you saw her in every thing that was beautiful and heard her in every tone that delighted you—if to be moving in the air she breathed was ecstasy, and that heaven itself without her was cheerless—if—"

"Oh, don't go on, Nina. None of these ecstasies could ever be mine. I have no nature to be moved or moulded in this fashion. I might be very fond of a girl, but she'd never drive me mad if she left me for another."

"I hope she may, then, if it be with such false money you would buy her," said she, fiercely. "Do you know," added she, after a pause, "I was almost on the verge of saying, go and break the stones; the 'métier' is not much beneath you, after all!"

"This is scarcely civil, mademoiselle; see what my candor has brought upon me!"

"Be as candid as you like upon the faults of your nature. Tell every wickedness that you have done or dreamed of, but don't own to cold-heartedness. For *that* there is no sympathy!"

"Let us go back a bit, then," said he, "and let us suppose that I did love in the same fervent and insane manner you spoke of, what and how would it help me here?"

"Of course it would. Of all the ingenuity that plotters talk of, of all the imagination that poets dream, there is nothing to compare with love. To gain a plodding subsistence a man will do much. To win the girl he loves, to make her his own, he will do every thing; he will strive, and strain, and even starve, to win her. Poverty will have nothing mean if confronted for her, hardship have no suffering if endured for her sake. With her before him, all the world shows but one goal; without her, life is a mere dreary task, and himself a hired laborer."

"I confess, after all this, that I don't see how breaking stones would be more palatable to me because some pretty girl that I was fond of saw me hammering away at my limestone!"

"If you could have loved as I would wish you to love, your career had never fallen to this. The heart that loved would have stimulated the head that thought. Don't fancy that people are only better because they are in love, but they are greater, bolder, brighter, more daring in danger, and more ready in every emergency. So wonder-working is the real passion that even in the base mockery of Love men have risen to genius. Look what it made Petrarch, and I might say Byron too, though he never loved worthy of the name."

"And how came you to know all this, cousin mine? I'm really curious to know that."

"I was reared in Italy, Cousin Dick, and I have made a deep study of nature through French novels." Now there was a laughing devilry in her eye as she said this that terribly puzzled the young fellow, for just at the very moment her enthusiasm had begun to stir his breast her merry mockery wafted it away as with a storm-wind.

"I wish I knew if you were serious," said he, gravely.

"Just as serious as you were when you spoke of being ruined."

"I was so, I pledge my honor. The conversation I reported to you really took place; and when you joined me I was gravely deliberating with myself whether I should take a header into a deep pool or enlist as a soldier."

"Fie, fie! how ignoble all that is! You don't know the hundreds of thousands of things one can do in life. Do you speak French or Italian?"

"I can read them, but not freely; but how are they to help me?"

"You shall see: first of all, let me be your tutor. We shall take two hours, three if you like, every morning. Are you free now from all your college studies?"

"I can be after Wednesday next. I ought to go up for my term examination."

"Well, do so; but mind, don't bring down Mr. Atlee with you."

"My chum is no favorite of yours?"

"That's as it may be," said she, haughtily. "I have only said let us not have the embarrassment, or, if you like it, the pleasure of his company. I'll give you a list of books to bring down, and my life be on it but *my* course of study will surpass what you have been doing at Trinity. Is it agreed?"

"Give me till to-morrow to think of it, Nina."

"That does not sound like a very warm acceptance; but be it so; till to-morrow."

"Here are some of Kate's dogs," cried he, angrily. "Down, Fan, down! I say. I'll leave you now before she joins us. Mind, not a word of what I told you." And without another word he sprang over a low fence, and speedily disappeared in the copse beyond it.

"Wasn't that Dick I saw making his escape?" cried Kate, as she came up.

"Yes; we were taking a walk together, and he left me very abruptly."

"I wish I had not spoiled a *tête-à-tête*," said Kate, merrily.

"It is no great mischief: we can always renew it."

"Dear Nina," said the other, caressingly, as she drew her arm around her—"dear, dear Nina, do not, do not, I beseech you."

"Don't what, child?—you must not speak riddles."

"Don't make that poor boy in love with you. You yourself told me you could save him from it if you liked."

"And so I shall, Kate, if you don't dictate or order me. Leave me quite to myself and I shall be most merciful."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MAURICE KEARNEY'S "STUDY."

Had Maurice Kearney but read the second sheet of his correspondent's letter, it is more than likely that Dick had not taken such a gloomy view of his condition. Mr. M'Keown's epistle continued in this fashion: "That ought to do for him, Maurice, or my name ain't Tom M'Keown. It is not that he is any worse or better than other young fellows of his own stamp, but he has the greatest scamp in Christendom for his daily associate. Atlee is deep in all the mischief that goes on in the national press. I believe he is a head-centre of the Fenians, and I know he has a correspondence with the French socialists, and that Rights-of-labor-knot of vagabonds who meet at Geneva. Your boy is not too wise to keep himself out of these scrapes, and he is just by name and station of consequence enough to make these fellows make up to and flatter him. Give him a sound fright, then, and when he is thoroughly alarmed about his failure, send him abroad for a short tour: let him go study at Halle or Heidelberg—any thing, in short, that will take him away from Ireland, and break off his intimacy with this Atlee and his companions. While he is with you at Kilgobbin, don't let him make acquaintance with those radical fellows in the country towns. Keep him down, Maurice, keep him down; and if you find that you can not do this, make him believe that you'll be one day lords of Kilgobbin, and the more he has to lose the more reluctant he'll be to risk it. If he'd take to farming, and marry some decent girl, even a little beneath him in life, it would save you all uneasiness; but he is just that thing now that brings all the misery on us in Ireland. He thinks he's a gentleman because he can do nothing; and to save himself from the disgrace of incapacity, he'd like to be a rebel."

If Mr. Tom M'Keown's reasonings were at times somewhat abstruse and hard of comprehension to his friend Kearney, it was not that he did not bestow on them due thought and reflection; and over this private and strictly confidential page he had now meditated for hours.

"Bad luck to me," cried he at last, "if I see what he's at. If I'm to tell the boy he is ruined to-day, and to-morrow to announce to him that he is a lord—if I'm to threaten him now with poverty, and the morning after I'm to send him to Halle or Hell, or wherever it is—I'll soon be out of my mind myself through bare confusion. As to having him 'down,' he's low enough; but so shall I be, too, if I keep him there. I'm not used to seeing my house uncomfortable, and I can not bear it."

Such were some of his reflections over his agent's advice; and it may be imagined that the Machiavelian Mr. M'Keown had fallen upon a very inept pupil.

It must be owned that Maurice Kearney was somewhat out of temper with his son even before the arrival of this letter. While the "swells," as he would persist in calling the two English visitors, were there, Dick took no trouble about them, nor, to all seeming, made any impression on them. As Maurice said, "He let Joe Atlee make all the running, and, signs on it! Joe Atlee was taken off to town as Walpole's companion, and Dick not so much as thought of. Joe, too, did the honors of the house as if it was his own, and talked to Lockwood about coming down for the partridge-shooting as if he was the head of the family. The fellow was a bad lot, and M'Keown was right so far—the less Dick saw of him the better."

The trouble and distress these reflections, and others like them, cost him would more than have recompensed Dick, had he been hard-hearted enough to desire a vengeance. "For a quarter of an hour, or maybe twenty minutes," said he, "I can be as angry as any man in Europe, and, if it was required of me during that time to do any thing desperate—downright wicked—I could be bound to do it; and what's more, I'd stand to it afterward if it cost me the gallows. But as for keeping up the same mind, as for being able to say to myself my heart is as hard as ever, I'm just as much bent on cruelty as I was yesterday—that's clean beyond me; and the reason, God help me, is no great comfort to me after all—for it's just this: that when I do a hard thing, whether distraining a creature out of his bit of ground, selling a widow's pig, or fining a fellow for shooting a hare, I lose my appetite and have no heart for my meals; and as sure as I go to sleep, I dream of all the misfortunes in life happening to me, and my guardian angel sitting laughing all the while and saying to me, 'Didn't you bring it on yourself, Maurice Kearney? couldn't you bear a little rub without trying to make a calamity of it? Must somebody be always punished when any thing goes wrong in life? Make up your mind to have six troubles every day of your life, and see how jolly you'll be the day you can only count five, or maybe four.'"

As Mr. Kearney sat brooding in this wise, Peter Gill made his entrance into the study with the formidable monthly lists and accounts, whose examination constituted a veritable doomsday to the unhappy master.

"Wouldn't next Saturday do, Peter?" asked Kearney, in a tone of almost entreaty.

"I'm afther ye since Tuesday last, and I don't think I'll be able to go on much longer."

Now as Mr. Gill meant by this speech to imply that he was obliged to trust entirely to his memory for all the details which would have been committed to writing by others, and to a notched stick for the manifold dates of a vast variety of events, it was not really a very unfair request he had made for a peremptory hearing.

"I vow to the Lord," sighed out Kearney, "I believe I'm the hardest-worked man in the three kingdoms."

"Maybe you are," muttered Gill, though certainly the concurrence scarcely sounded hearty, while he meanwhile arranged the books.

"Oh, I know well enough what you mean. If a man doesn't work with a spade or follow the plow, you won't believe that he works at all. He must drive, or dig, or drain, or mow. There's no labor but what strains a man's back, and makes him weary about the loins; but I'll tell you, Peter Gill, that it's here"—and he touched his forehead with his finger—"it's here is the real workshop. It's thinking and contriving; setting this against that; doing one thing that another may happen, and guessing what will come if we do this and don't do that; carrying every thing in your brain, and, whether you are sitting over a glass with a friend or taking a nap after dinner, thinking away all the time! What would you call that, Peter Gill—what would you call that?"

"Madness, begorra, or mighty near it!"

"No; it's just work—brain-work. As much above mere manual labor as the intellect, the faculty that raises us above the brutes, is above the—the—"

"Yes," said Gill, opening the large volume, and vaguely passing his hand over a page. "It's somewhere there about the Conacre!"

"You're little better than a beast!" said Kearney, angrily.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not. Let us finish this, now that we're about it."

And so saying, he deposited his other books and papers on the table, and then drew from his breast pocket a somewhat thick roll of exceedingly dirty bank-notes, fastened with a leather thong.

"I'm glad to see some money at last, Peter," cried Kearney, as his eye caught sight of the notes.

"Faix, then, it's little good they'll do ye," muttered the other, gruffly.

"What d'ye mean by that, Sir?" asked he, angrily.

"Just what I said, my lord, the divil a more nor less, and that the money you see here is no more yours nor it is mine. It belongs to the land it came from. Ay, ay, stamp away, and go red in the face: you must hear the truth, whether you like it or no. The place we're living in is going to rack and ruin out of sheer bad treatment. There's not a hedge on the estate; there isn't a gate that could be called a gate; the holes the people live in isn't good enough for badgers; there's no water for the mill at the cross-roads; and the Loch meadows is drowned with wet—we're dragging for the hay, like seaweed! And you think you've a right to these"—and he actually shook the notes at him—"to go and squander them on them 'impedint' Englishmen that was laughing at you! Didn't I hear them myself about the table-cloth, that one said was the sail of a boat?"

"Will you hold your tongue?" cried Kearney, wild with passion.

"I will not! I'll die on the floore but I'll speak my mind."

This was not only a favorite phrase of Mr. Gill's, but it was so far significant that it always indicated he was about to give notice to leave—a menace on his part of no unfrequent occurrence.

"Yes, going, are ye?" asked Kearney, jeeringly.

"I just am; and I'm come to give up the books, and to get my receipts and my character."

"It won't be hard to give the last, any way," said Kearney, with a grin.

"So much the better. It will save your honor much writing, with all that you have to do."

"Do you want me to kick you out of the office, Peter Gill?"

"No, my lord, I'm going quiet and peaceable. I'm only asking my rights."

"You're bidding hard to be kicked out, you are."

"Am I to leave them here, or will your honor go over the books with me?"

"Leave the notes, Sir, and go to the devil."

"I will, my lord; and one comfort at least I'll have—it won't be harder to put up with his temper."

Mr. Gill's head barely escaped the heavy account-book which struck the door above him as he escaped from the room, and Maurice Kearney sat back in his chair and grasped the arms of it like one threatened with a fit.

"Where's Miss Kitty—where's my daughter?" cried he aloud, as though there was some one within hearing. "Taking the dogs a walk, I'll be bound," muttered he, "or gone to see somebody's child with the measles, devil fear her! She has plenty on her hands to do any where but at home. The place might be going to rack and ruin for her, if there was only a young colt to look at, or a new litter of pigs! And so you think to frighten me, Peter Gill! You've been doing the same thing every Easter, and every harvest, these five-and-twenty years! I can only say I wish you had kept your threat long ago, and the property wouldn't have as many tumble-down cabins and ruined fences as it has now, and my rent-roll, too, wouldn't have been the worse. I don't believe there's a man in Ireland more cruelly robbed than myself. There isn't an estate in the county has not risen in value except my own! There's not a landed gentleman hasn't laid by money in the barony but myself, and if you were to believe the newspapers, I'm the hardest landlord in the province of Leinster. Is that Mickey Doolan, there? Mickey!" cried he, opening the window, "did you see Miss Kearney any where about?"

"Yes, my lord. I see her coming up the Bog road with Miss O'Shea."

"The worse luck mine," muttered he, as he closed the window and leaned his head on his hand.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The season for sea bathing has fully come. Those who enjoy a dip, but are prevented from abiding on the sea-shore, refresh themselves on a sultry day by a sail to Long Branch, Coney Island, or some other convenient resort, and a plunge in the saline waters. Invigorating as a sea bath is to many, a reckless, unadvised use of it is often very injurious, especially in the case of invalids. Nor can we believe that any good can be accomplished by forcibly plunging delicate, terrified children into the surf, as is often done, amidst their distressing shrieks. If the terror of a little child can not be overcome by coaxing gentleness, a sponge bath of sea water had better be substituted. The sea air is often highly beneficial to those who are too delicate to venture into the water. Unless there is a proper amount of reaction in the system after coming out of the bath, it will prove injurious. But a genial glow and a general feeling of vigor indicate that it is wholesome. Those who have the care of invalids should note the effect produced upon them. The latter part of July is considered by physicians as the most suitable time to commence a course of sea bathing, because the sea water is then comfortably warm, and reaches its highest temperature in August. Bathing in tepid sea water is recommended as a preparation for invalids who desire to take cold sea baths when strong enough to do so. Undoubtedly many persons are seriously debilitated by remaining too long in the surf. Medical advice should be followed in regard to this point by those who hope to derive benefit from sea bathing.

That Ice Cave—situated somewhere in Iowa, we believe—must be a grand place to visit about this time. August is said to be the very best month in which to see the cave, for then it is the frostiest. In the winter this remarkable cave is warm and dry and free from ice, but when the "heated term" comes on, water leaks through the earth into the cave, and congelation begins. A cup of river water will skim with ice in twenty minutes, and freeze solid in an hour. When one emerges in midsummer from this ice cave into the outer world the sensation is like entering an oven in good baking order. For the benefit of all who desire to cool themselves off, we mention that this wonderful refrigerator is in the town of Decorah, on the Little Iowa River, twelve miles south of the Minnesota line.

Those who live where ice does not grow in summer, and who laid up no store of it last winter, may find useful a simple method of rendering water cold which is practiced in India and other tropical climes where ice can not be procured. Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly kept wet. The evaporating of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to the freezing-point.

It is the plan for the Viaduct Railway to run through the yards in the rear of houses and stores, so as to avoid the heavier cost of buying and destroying the buildings themselves. The road will be built on brick arches, supported by heavy iron lateral columns of elegant design, themselves supported on inverted arches of solid masonry built into the ground.

Shavings, paper, and fine kindling wood, with the aid of matches, are safe and proper materials for the lighting of fires. Kerosene oil is about as safe as gunpowder to kindle a fire with; yet foolish maids use it, and are not forbidden by their foolish employers. Consequently explosions follow. There would be fewer deaths in the course of a year if people would go back to the old fashions of kindling fires.

Physicians at the present day recognize a peculiar derangement of the power of speech, termed aphasia. It seems to be a mental or partially mental disease, analogous to the physical difficulty, stammering, or a vocal disorder, corresponding to the ocular infirmity known as color blindness. The manifestation consists in a tendency of the person affected to speak different sounds from those intended. Curious examples are given in a paper lately published upon the subject. One patient being desired to read the sentence, "It shall be in the power of the college to examine or not to examine any licentiate, previous to his admission to a fellowship, as they shall think fit," pronounced it as follows: "An the be what in the temother of the trothofodod to majorum or that emidrare ein einkrastral mestreit to ketra totombreidel to ra fromtreido asthat kekritest." This account seems to indicate a difficulty in vocal organization. In another case recently narrated mental failure appears more probable. The patient could not remember the signal word to which he had lately set the lock of his traveling-bag, though he could remember the contents, and suffered from singular though not easily described incapacity to restate words and numbers of other kinds. This case was the result of a violent accident, and was relieved by severe and systematic exercise in the open air.

At Newport the ladies' turn-outs are this year very graceful and pretty. Of course the lady handles the ribbons, gentlemen being mere passengers, and idle Jehus sit with folded arms behind. Over eight hundred turn-outs are taken to Newport every summer. Report says that there are now in one villa three ladies, a retinue of twenty-three servants, nine horses, and three dogs, and that it took all the baggage men in town a day to deliver the trunks belonging to the household.

When sixty young ladies, daughters of the wealthiest citizens of Berlin, were selected to welcome the returning army at the Brandenburg Gate, the fair patriots resolved to reflect the German nationality in their dress—to ignore French fashions, particularly the chignon. Their attire was modeled after Margaret's, in Kaulbach's sketch of her first meeting with Faust. Their hair was arranged in two plaits hanging down the back, and they were pledged mutually and to the municipal authorities on no account to use false hair.

A mature visitor at Saratoga, aged four, was sitting in his high chair at the dining-table the other day. Of course he must order his dinner by the *carte*, and so his mother read it over. He listened with due gravity until she had finished the list of soups, fish, roast and boiled, and partly through the *entrées*. As she read off macaroni *au gratin* a familiar chord seemed to have been struck, and as she hesitated he spoke up:

"'Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it macaroni.'

"Give me some Yankee Doodle."

As pears are coming into market, it may be interesting to recall the history of the Bartlett pear. Years ago Mr. Enoch Bartlett, owner of the Bartlett estate, on Boston Highlands, was President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He once brought from this estate to one of the meetings a choice pear never before seen by the members. Mr. Bartlett and the members of the society supposed it to be a seedling pear, and it was named the "Bartlett Pear." But, in point of fact, this was an old English pear, well known there as "William's Good Christian," and had been imported by Mr. T. Brewer, who built the Bartlett house and laid out the grounds, some time about the year 1815. But the estate being after a few years sold, and passing into other hands, the history of the tree was not known until Mr. Bartlett's introduction of it to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society made it famous.

All overheated individuals, desirous of refreshing themselves by a glimpse of that patch of snow, more than an acre in extent, and eight feet deep, which can now be seen from the Glen House, had better start off at once, lest it dwindle down to an imperceptible speck. It is on one of the northerly spurs of Mount Washington, not far from the carriage road.

On the fourth floor of A. T. Stewart's immense retail dry-goods store are about five hundred women engaged in various branches of cutting and fitting garments for sale. The majority of these employées are operators on sewing-machines. The machines are ranged in rows, and are moved by steam. An operator can start or stop the running of a machine by the use of her foot on a pedal, which connects with a friction roller attached to a shaft which is worked by steam. By this ingenious invention working a machine is made very easy, the objection that the constant movement of the foot is injurious being thus removed.

We can not do as they do in Siberia—at least not in July. There they buy milk by the pound. It is carried in a bag, and the requisite quantity is chopped off with a hatchet. It is thawed as needed, and, of course, does not sour very easily.

How useless it is, by-the-way, to buy so much milk when, as an exchange remarks, "every man can have his own cow" so easily, according to the following recipe. We are convinced that the recipe is "all right," because a Springfield milk dealer, on selling out his business to a new hand recently, gave it to the purchaser, who found he had not milk enough to supply his customers. Here it is: "Take three table-spoonfuls of molasses, one and a half tea-spoonfuls of saleratus, and three quarts of milk to twenty-two quarts of water. Add three pints of this mixture to each twelve-quart can of milk." Moral: test your milk if you doubt its genuineness.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Power of Music.—When Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a very fine organ there, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual could stir, till at length the usual organist came impatiently forward and took his seat, saying, in a tone of acknowledged superiority, "You can not dismiss a congregation. See how soon I can disperse them."

A census-taker out West reports eight thousand colonels in his district. "There used to be more in that part of the country," he says, "but a large number of them have been raised to generals."

A Paradox.—Do you wish to get up with the lark? Then go to bed without it.

What sport is like girls' gossip?—Dears-talking.

"Paddy, my boy," said a gentleman to a fellow whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a favorite stream for trout." "Faith, and sure it must be that same, for I have been standing here for this three hours, and not one of 'em will come out of it."

How to Keep Cool.—Go to Greenland, and stay there.

A young lady hearing that cashmere sacques were very much worn, said she was glad she was in the fashion, for hers had two or three holes in it.

A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the Church, said, "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

Gone Courting—The lawyers.

Summer Fashions.—Large checks are in demand for summer toilets. A check for $3000, presented to Miss Gunnybags by her father, has been much admired.

The Carson *Register* says: "One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is gold in liquid state." The human eye in this vicinity would be satisfied if it could see any of the metal in a solid state.

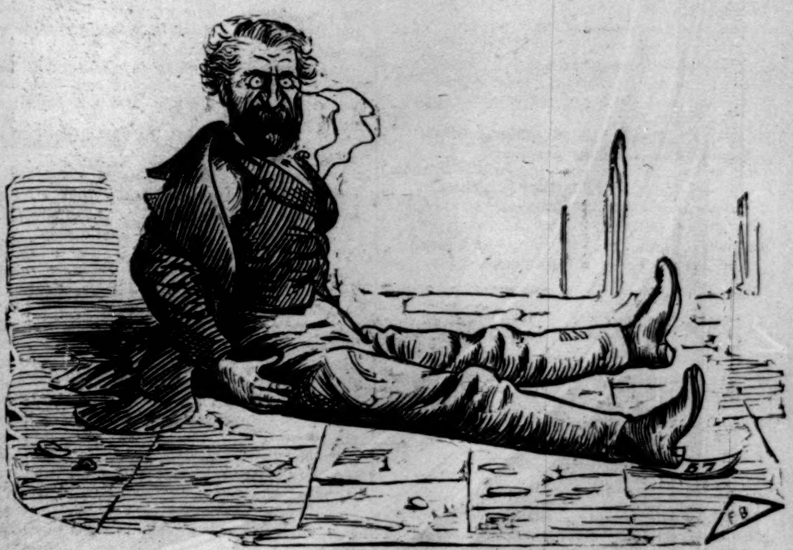
New Mewsic—Kittens.

A Down-Easter lately came to New York, and took lodgings at one of the high houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded on their winding way upward, till, having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him thus, "Look here, stranger, if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now, as 'twill be that time afore I can get down again."

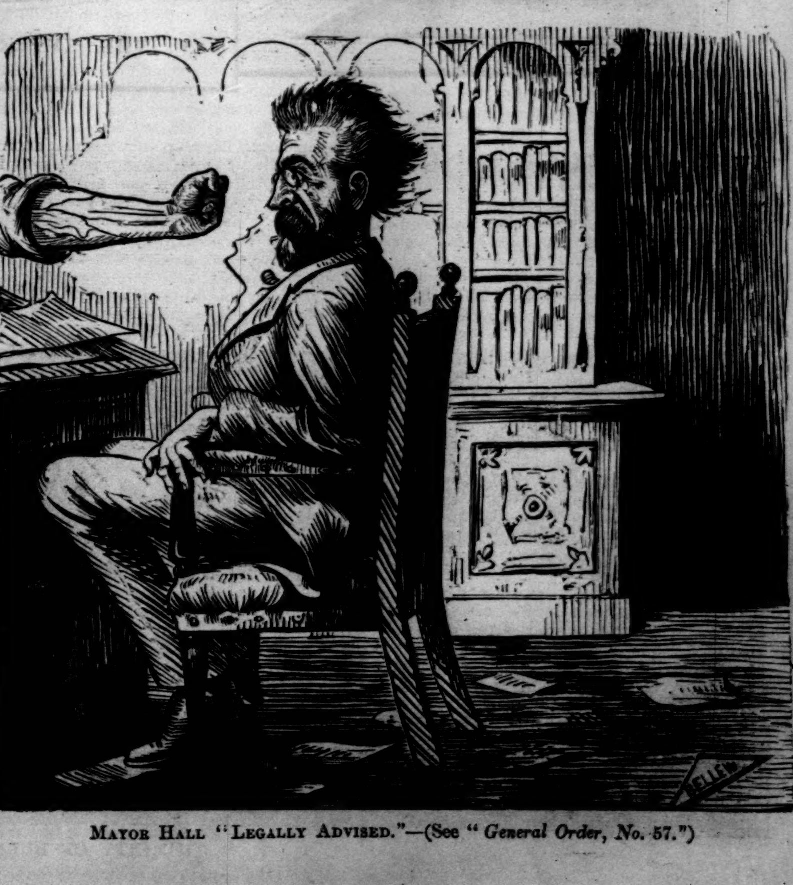
General Court—Waiting on half a dozen girls at the same time.

Deeply were we affected on reading the other day of a young lady who, being told that her lover had been suddenly killed, cried, "Oh, that splendid gold watch of his! Give me that—give me something to remember him by." Touching simplicity!

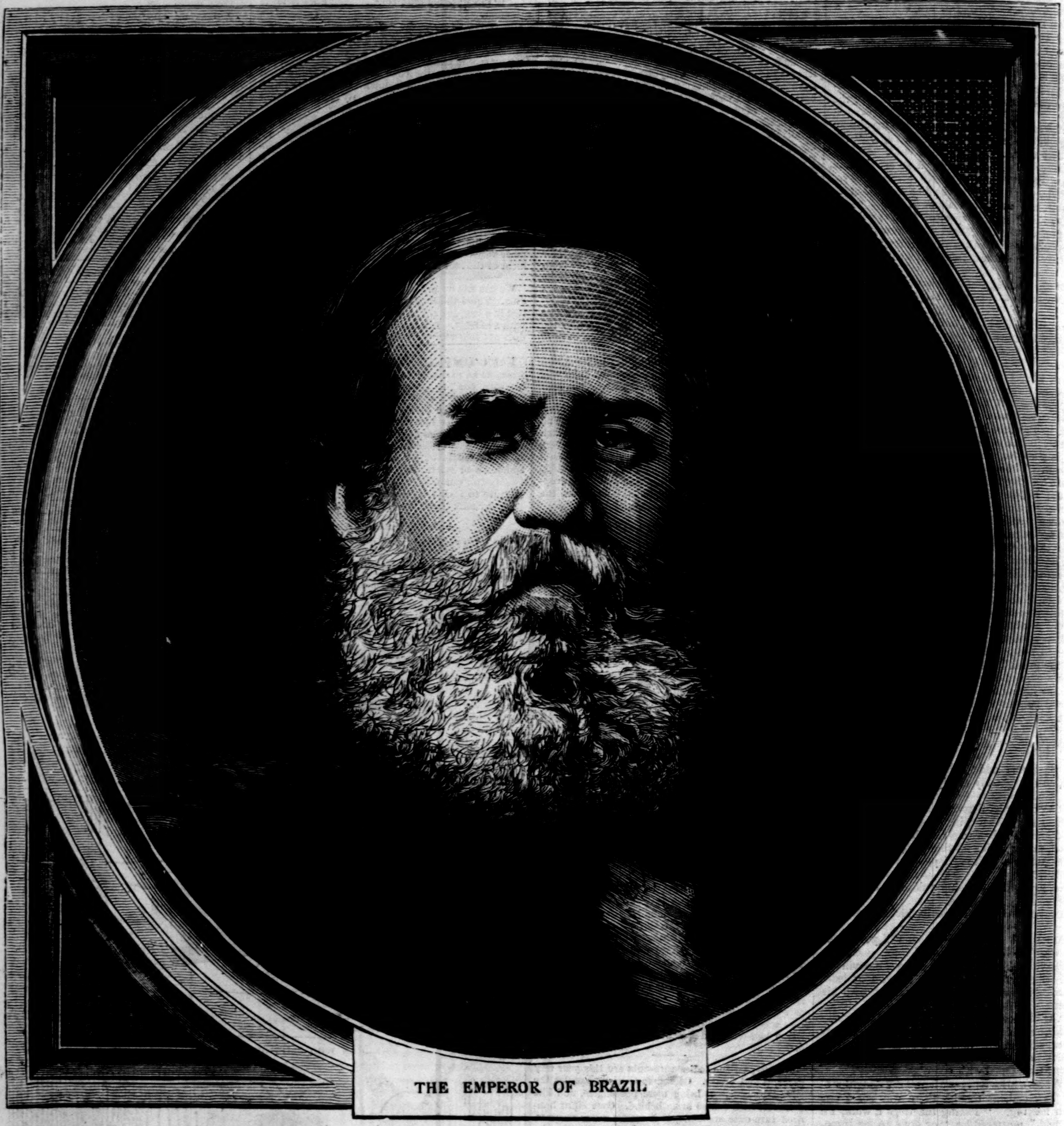
"An attorney," said Sterne, "is the same thing to a barrister that an apothecary is to a physician, with this difference, that your attorney does not deal in scruples."



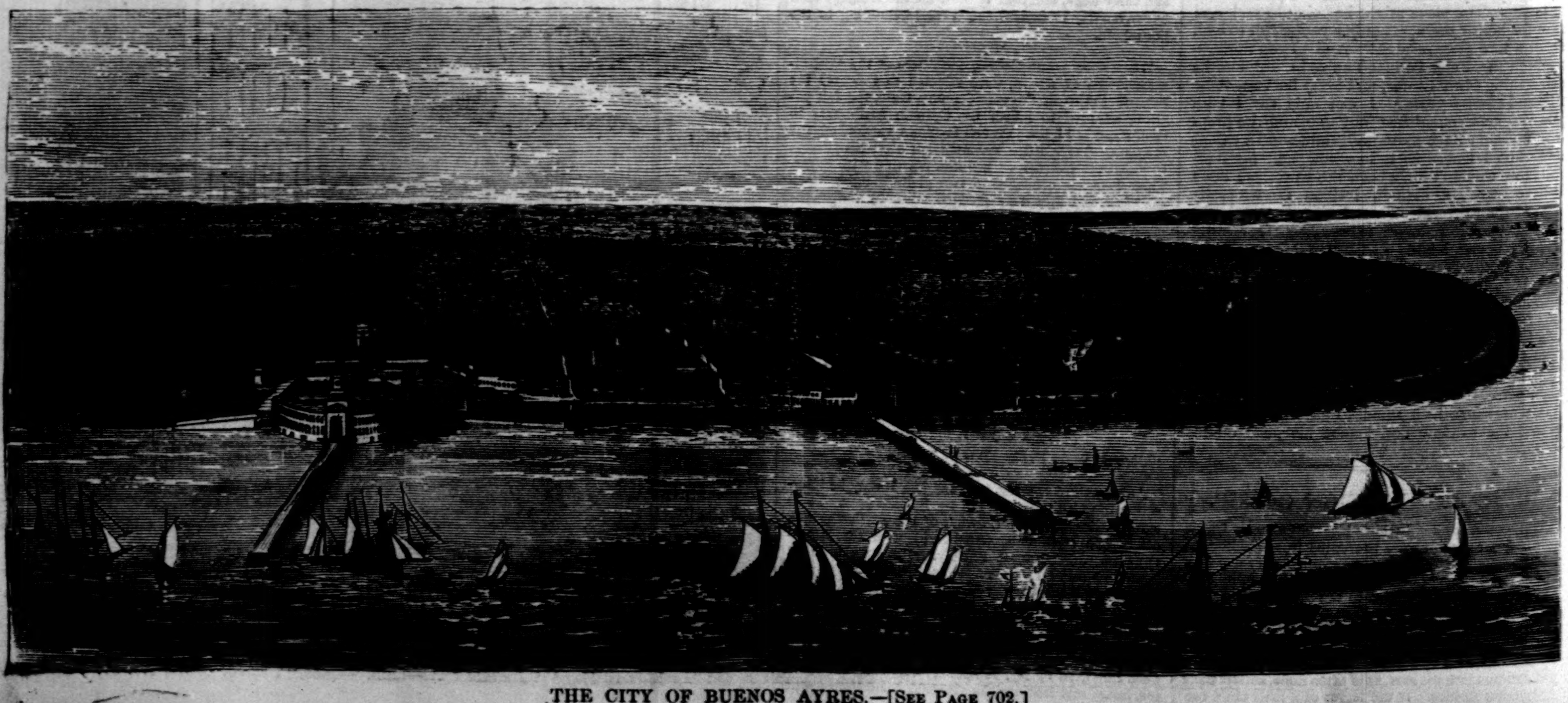
The Man who slipped up on an "Orange"-peel.



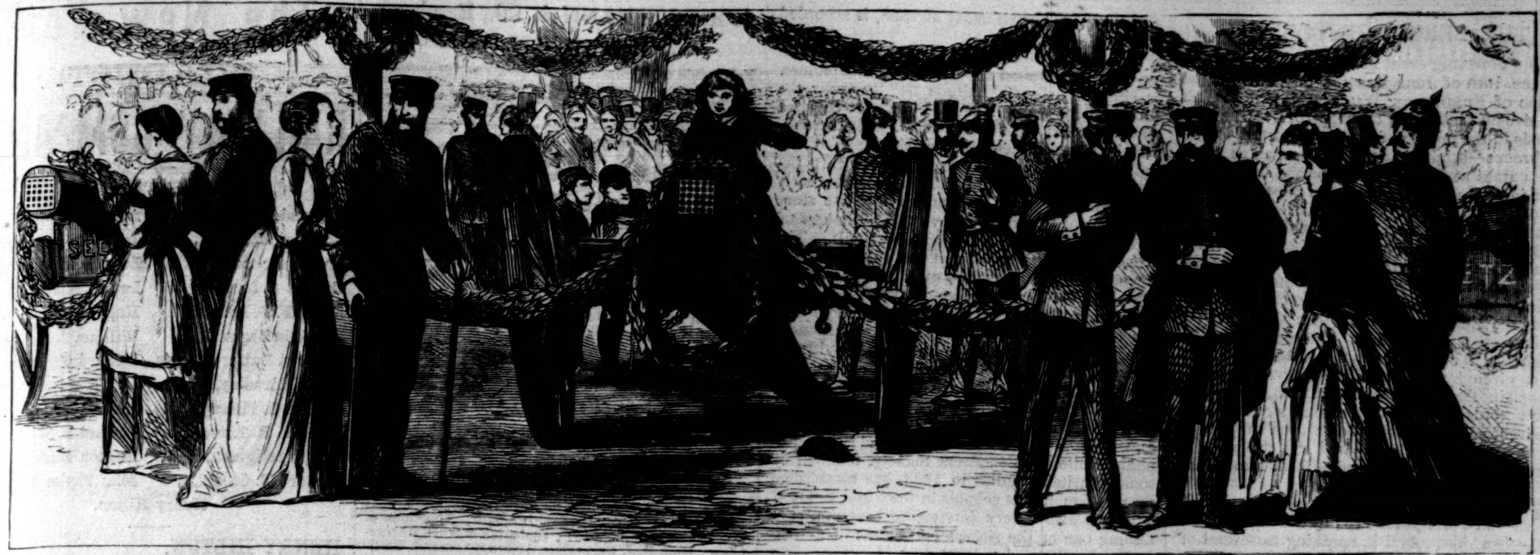
Mayor Hall "Legally Advised."—(See "*General Order, No. 57.*")



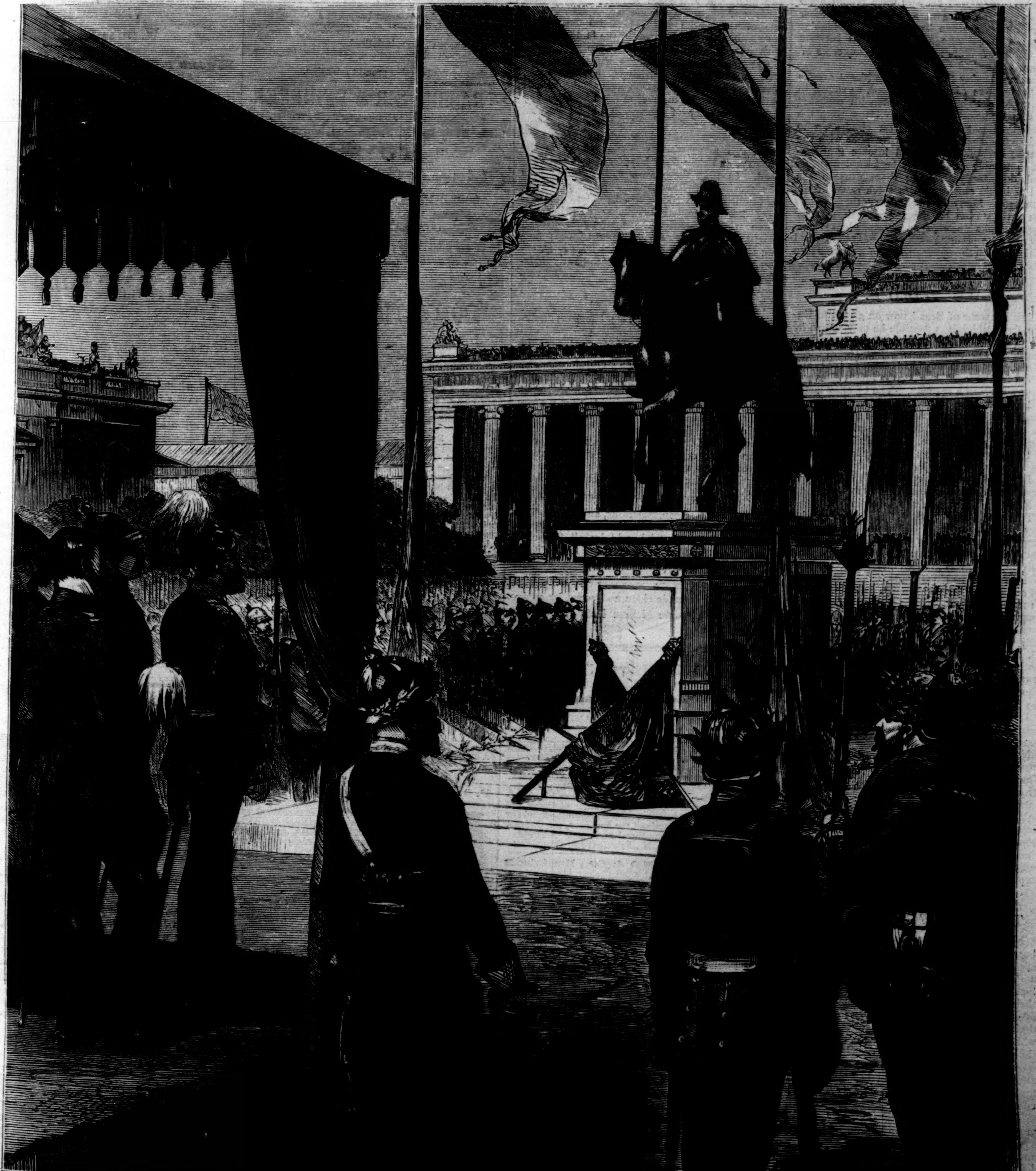
THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL



THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.—[See Page 702.]



THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES—CAPTURED CANNON IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.—[See Page 702.]



THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES—UNVEILING THE STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.—[See Page 702.]

## THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES.

The crowning event in the triumph at Berlin on the 16th of June was the unveiling of the statue of **Frederick William III.**, of which we give an illustration on page 701. The statue stands in the middle of the Lust Garten, and is in bronze—bright golden bronze, such as made the statues at Munich so renowned when new. The inauguration ceremony was most imposing. A tent had been erected for the Empress and the ladies of the royal party, while round the statue were grouped the municipal authorities in their state uniforms, the Domchor in their red robes, and innumerable detachments of guards, cuirassiers, hussars, and Uhlans. No sooner does the Emperor drive up than the Domchor strikes up a choral which had been especially composed for the occasion. A benediction is then given by the presiding clergyman, Field-Chaplain **Thielen**, Prince **Bismarck** whispers a few words to the Emperor, a gesture of assent is given, and the curtain drops from the monument. A salvo of a hundred and one guns is then fired, and the bands burst forth into "Heil dir im Siegeskranz."

The Emperor then salutes the statue with his sword—an example followed by the officers present—then rides round it, speaking to several of the officials on his way, and notably to **Von Reitzenstein** and **Von Bonin**, two of the surviving officers of **Frederick William III.** Numbers of veteran soldiers were posted upon the steps of the Museum, and lent a still greater interest to the scene by showing the singular contrasts in costume and decorations between the victors of Waterloo and the conquerors of Sedan.

During the day the whole magnificent avenue of "Unter den Linden" was lined, as shown in the upper sketch on page 701, with captured guns and mitrailleuses. The latter were the especial delight of the Berlin children, who would examine these singular weapons with the greatest curiosity, and found intense gratification in turning the handles backward and forward, doubtlessly fancying themselves in the field of battle mowing down thick ranks of the *Franzosen*. Many would climb over them, others took their station on them to view the coming pageant, while a newspaper correspondent relates how one enterprising youth even essayed to stand on his head on the upper surface of a mitrailleuse barrel.

## DOM PEDRO II.

The Emperor of Brazil, now on a visit to Europe, from which it is possible he may return by way of the United States, was born the 2d of December, 1825. His grandfather, Dom **Pedro** I., abdicated the throne in his favor in 1831, and retired to Portugal, leaving the infant Emperor in the charge of a regency. The regency lasted in Brazil until the 3d of July, 1840, when it was terminated by popular desire, and Dom **Pedro** II., at the early age of fifteen, assumed the task of governing the empire, for the duties of which he had fortunately been carefully educated by the regency. His Majesty was crowned at Rio in July, 1841, and in September, 1843, married there the Princess **Teresa Christina**, daughter of **Francis** I., King of the Two Sicilies.

Two sons were the issue of this marriage, but they died in infancy. There were also two daughters. The eldest, the Princess Imperial and heiress-presumptive, Doña **Isabel**, born July 29, 1844, was married on October 15, 1864, to Prince **Gaston** d'Orleans, Comte d'Eu, eldest son of the Duc de Nemours and the Princess **Victoria**, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The second daughter, Doña **Leopoldina**, who died at Vienna on the 7th of February last, was born on July 13, 1847, and was married on December 15, 1864, to Prince **Augustus** of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose mother was the Princess **Clementine** d'Orleans. This princess left four sons, on whom will descend the imperial crown should the Imperial Princess continue to be childless.

Dom **Pedro** is an expert horseman, and delights in athletic exercises. When at Rio he is constantly in public, receives twice a week his subjects and foreigners, is very courteous in his answers, and writes and speaks fluently English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. He is strongly attached to literature, and liberally patronizes industrial enterprises by encouraging public works, and perfecting the navigation of rivers. But his chief title to esteem is derived from his suppression of the slave-trade, which he chiefly accomplished by attracting European colonists to Brazil, and thus inducing the planters to prefer free to slave labor.

## THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.

Nature is very merciful and long-suffering; but if her laws are systematically violated, she is apt to take a terrible revenge. A notable example of this truth has recently occurred in South America. Trusting to the healthiness of their climate, the inhabitants of the metropolis of the Argentine Republic totally neglected the drainage of their city. By degrees the soil on which the houses were built became no better than one vast cess-pool. A dreadful pestilence was the result, which has caused a frightful destruction of human life, and has materially retarded the prosperity of a rapidly improving country.

The Argentine Republic contains fourteen provinces, with an area amounting to 1,200,000 square miles. The government is republican, and is modeled on our own. There is a President, elected for six years; two chambers, the Senators and the Deputies; and each province has also its own Governor and Legislature. The established religion is Roman Catholic, but full toleration, under the treaty of 1825, is accorded to other creeds.

The city of Buenos Ayres, which, before the pestilence, possessed about 180,000 inhabitants, is situated in south latitude 34° 29′, near the mouth of the great river La Plata. It covers a superficies of about 2000 acres. The streets, which intersect each other at right angles, are only thirty-six feet wide, carriages and carts being almost unknown in the time of the early Spaniards. The old houses are only one story high, but of late years many splendid houses of three or four stories have been built. The streets are badly paved, and the sidewalks narrow and irregular, while, owing to the want of drainage, the streets were frequently flooded during heavy rains. There is a good supply of gas and water, and numerous street railroads. The Protestant population amounted to 12,000 persons, chiefly English, Scotch, German, and American. Public buildings are numerous. Besides the cathedral there are fifteen churches, six chapels of ease, and four Protestant churches. Buenos Ayres is well supplied with hospitals, while the Beneficent Society, founded by some charitable ladies in 1823, has established seventy female free schools in town and country. There is also a very interesting museum, containing one of the richest collections of antediluvian fossil remains in the world. There is a university, national college, and two city model schools, while in the city and province there are 142 municipal and state schools. The public squares of Buenos Ayres are ten in number; in one of these—the Plaza Constitucion, which covers about twenty acres—all the bullock-carts, with the wool and hides from the south, encamp. There are six market-places within the city, well supplied with provisions, three theatres, several clubs for the convenience of the several nationalities, and a number of good hotels.

The prosperity of Buenos Ayres is founded chiefly on the export of wool and hides. Sheep-farming has increased wonderfully. Thirty years ago there were very few sheep in the country, and they were kept by the natives for food. In 1852 there were 4,500,000 sheep in the province of Buenos Ayres; last year they had multiplied to 100,000,000. The climate is very healthy and exhilarating. During the three winter months the weather is usually bright and fair, with frequent night frosts; during the summer the heat seldom lasts long, being relieved by pamperos, or "southerly busters," which are accompanied by floods of rain and a great fall of temperature.

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The people have been so much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and as worthy of the public confidence. Dr. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** cures when any thing can cure the diseases that require an alterative medicine.—[*Com.*]

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Benefit of the FOUNDLING ASYLUM of the SISTERS of CHARITY, in the City of New York, and SOLDIERS' and SAILORS' ORPHANS' HOME, Washington, D.C., to be held in Washington, D.C., under and by virtue of a permit from Hon. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, on Thursday, July 27th, positively.

After the Concert the Commissioners will award to the successful ticket-holders

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Amounting to
**$200,000.**

52,000 Tickets only will be sold, at $5 each.
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References.—Maj.-Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Jas. S. Negley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; First National Bank, Hagerstown, Md.; Appleman & Co., Bankers, Hagerstown; Updegraff & Sons, Hagerstown; Hon. R. J. Brent, late Attorney-General, Baltimore; C. F. Abbott, Esq., 20 P. O. Ave., Baltimore; John H. Fowler, Esq.; W. H. Myers, of W. H. Myers & Bro., Exchange Place, Baltimore.

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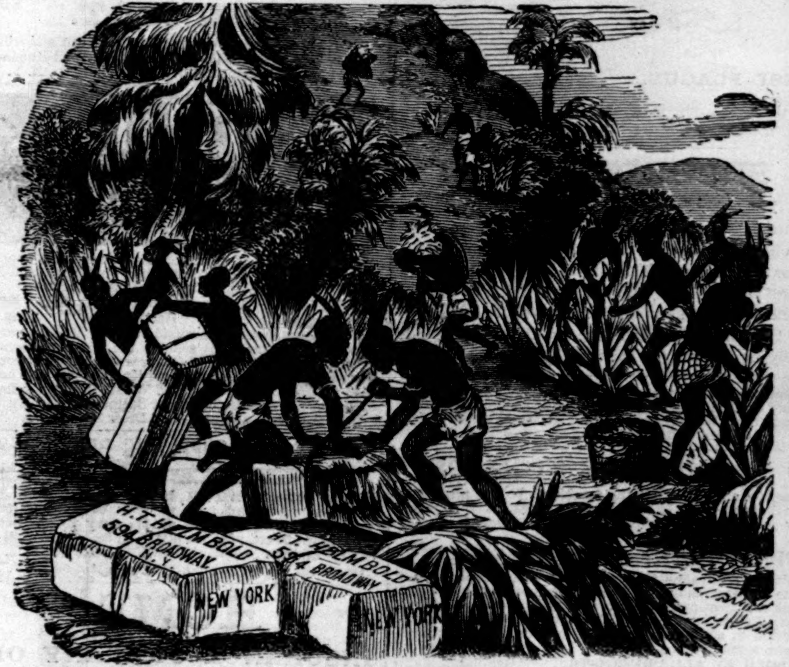

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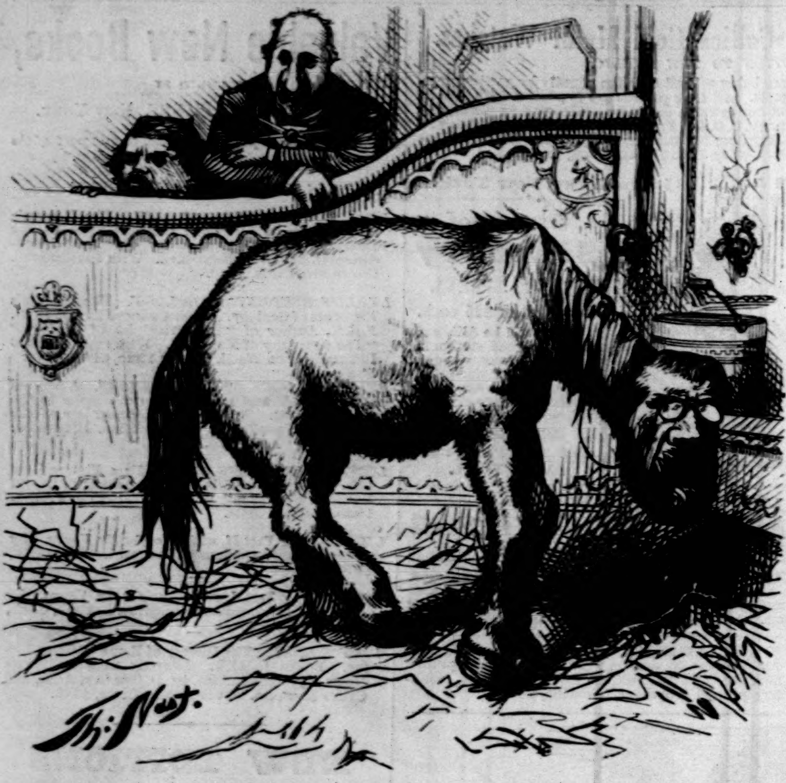

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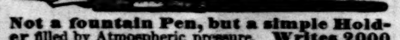

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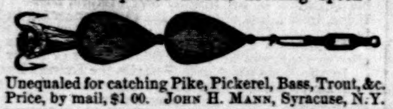

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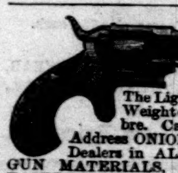

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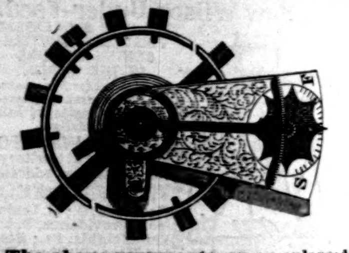

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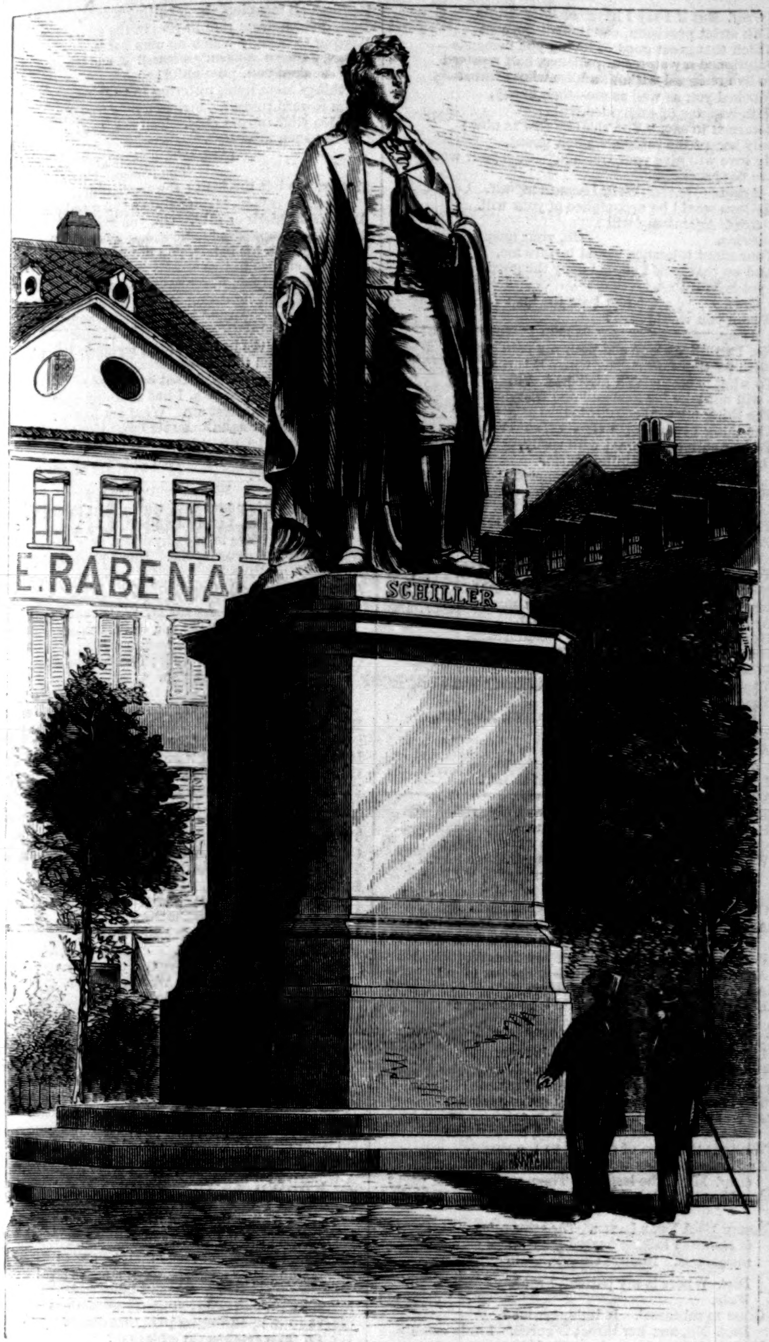
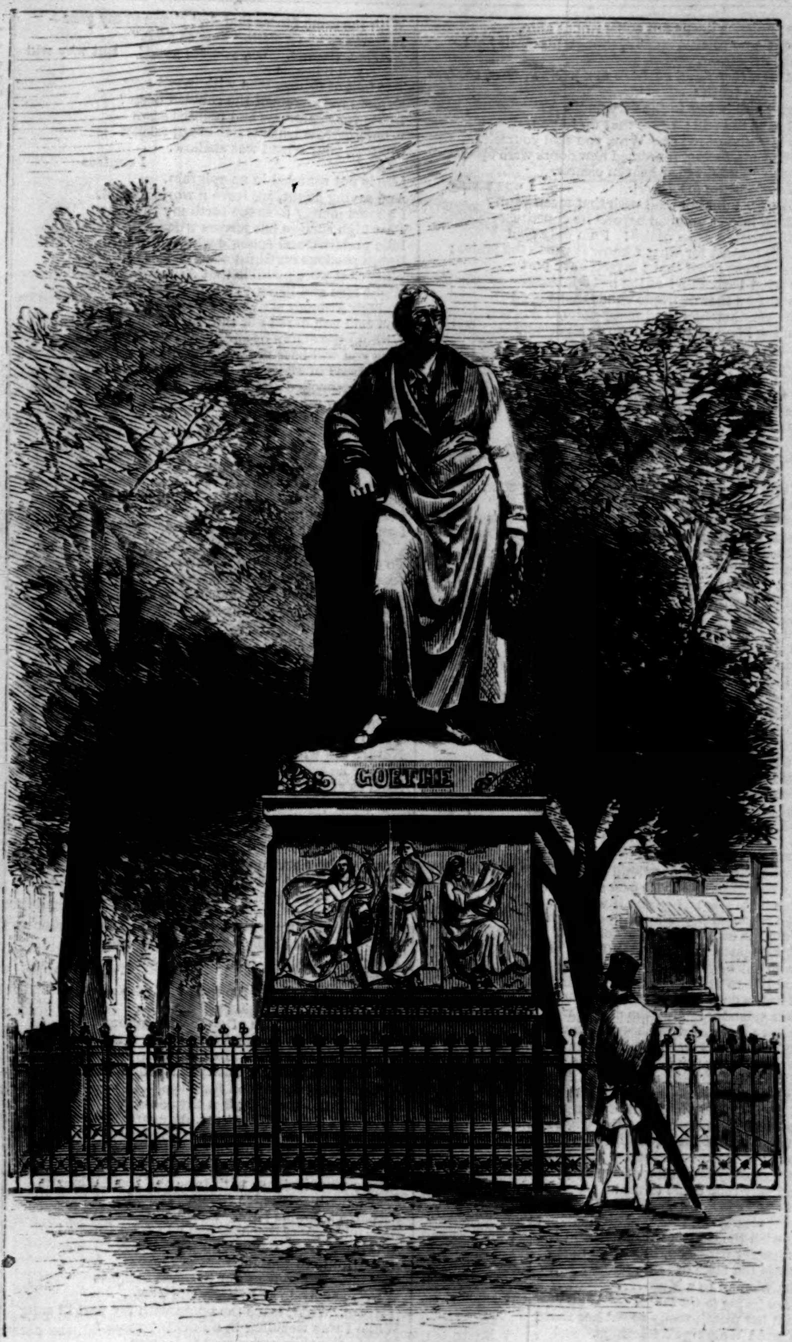


STATUE OF SCHILLER IN FRANKFORT.



STATUE OF GOETHE IN FRANKFORT.

## GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

In the ancient and picturesque city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the once imperial city of Germany, the admirers of these eminent German poets have erected to their memory the statues of which the above engravings are accurate representations. That of Goethe stands in a shaded little park opposite the theatre. The pedestal which supports the statue is adorned with artistic bass-reliefs on each of the four sides: those in front emblematical of Poetry, Comedy, and Tragedy; those on the other three sides characters from "Faust," "Hermann and Dorothea," and others of his great poems. On the pedestal stands a colossal statue of the poet, holding in one hand a scroll, in the other a wreath of laurel. Frankfort was the birth-place of Goethe. The house in which he was born is still standing in the Hirschgraben, and has his father's coat of arms—three lyres—over the door.

The statue to Schiller was erected in 1864, on Schiller Platz. It is a magnificent work in bronze, standing on a plain and unadorned pedestal of polished granite, which is said to be the largest single block of that material ever applied to such a purpose. The figure, like that of Goethe, is of colossal size, and represents the poet in a standing position, crowned with laurel, and holding a book in his hand. As will be seen from the engraving, it stands considerably higher than the statue of the elder and greater poet, owing to the height of the pedestal, although in many respects inferior as a work of art. The only inscription is the poet's name in large raised letters on the bronze base of the statue. The artist probably thought that Schiller, the most widely read and best loved of all German poets, needed no other.

## ARMGART.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

Scene 1. *A salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Glück on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper. To* Fräulein Walpurga, *who advances with a slight lameness of gait from an adjoining room, enters* Graf Dornberg *at the opposite door in a traveling dress.*

*Graf.* Good-evening, Fräulein!
*Walp.* What, so soon returned?
I feared your mission kept you still at Prague.
*Graf.* But now arrived! You see my traveling dress.
I hurried from the panting, roaring steam
Like any courier of embassy
Who hides the fiends of war within his bag.
*Walp.* You know that Armgart sings to-night?
*Graf.* Has sung!
'Tis close on half past nine. The *Orpheus*
Lasts not so long. Her spirits—were they high?
Was Leo confident?
*Walp.* He only feared
Some tameness at beginning. Let the house
Once ring, he said, with plaudits, she is safe.
*Graf.* And Armgart?
*Walp.* She was stiller than her wont.
But once, at some such trivial word of mine
As that the highest prize might yet be won
By her who took the second—she was roused.
"For me," she said, "I triumph or I fail.
I never strove for any second prize."
*Graf.* Poor human-hearted singing-bird! She bears
Cæsar's ambition in her delicate breast,
And naught to still it with but quivering song!
*Walp.* I had not for the world been there to-night:
Unreasonable dread oft chills me more
Than any reasonable hope can warm.
*Graf.* You have a rare affection for your cousin;
As tender as a sister's.
*Walp.* Nay, I fear
My love is little more than what I felt
For happy stories when I was a child.
She fills my life, that would be empty else,
And lifts my naught to value by her side.
*Graf.* She is reason good enough, or seems to be,
Why all were born whose being ministers
To her completeness. Is it most her voice
Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,
Informing each old strain with some new grace
Which takes our sense like any natural good?
Or most her spiritual energy
That sweeps us in the current of her song?
*Walp.* I know not. Losing either, we should lose
That whole we call our Armgart. For herself,
She often wonders what her life had been
Without that voice for channel to her soul.
She says it must have leaped through all her limbs—
Made her a Mænad—made her snatch a brand
And fire some forest, that her rage might mount
In crashing, roaring flames through half a land,
Leaving her still and patient for a while.
"Poor wretch!" she says, of any murderess—
"The world was cruel, and she could not sing:
I carry my revenges in my throat;
I love in singing, and am loved again."
*Graf.* Mere mood! I can not yet believe it more.
Too much ambition has unwomaned her;
But only for a while. Her nature hides
One-half its treasures by its very wealth,
Taxing the hours to show it.
*Walp.* Hark! she comes.

*Enter* Leo *with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for* Armgart, *who wears a furred mantle and hood. She is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.*

*Leo.* Place for the queen of song!
*Graf (advancing toward* Armgart, *who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair).* A triumph, then.
You will not be a niggard of your joy
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.
*Armg.* Oh, kind! you hastened your return for me.
I would you had been there to hear me sing!
Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more
Lest Armgart's wing should fail her. She has found
This night the region where her rapture breathes—
Pouring her passion on the air made live
With human heart-throbs. Tell them, Leo, tell them
How I outsang your hope and made you cry
Because Glück could not hear me. That was folly!
He sang, not listened: every linked note
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
And all my gladness is but part of him.
Give me the wreath. (*She crowns the bust of* Glück.)
*Leo (sardonically).* Ay, ay, but mark you this:
It was not part of him—that trill you made
In spite of me and reason!
*Armg.* You were wrong—
Dear Leo, you were wrong—the house was held
As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder.
*Leo.* Will you ask the house
To teach you singing? Quit your *Orpheus*, then,
And sing in farces grown to operas,
Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
Is tickled with melodic impudence:
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
And set the splendid compass of your voice
To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
To be an artist—lift your audience
To see your vision, not trick forth a show
To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.
*Armg. (taking up* Leo's *hand and kissing it).*
Pardon, good Leo, I am penitent.
I will do penance: sing a hundred trills
Into a deep-dug grave, then burying them
As one did Midas' secret, rid myself
Of naughty exultation. Oh, I trilled
At nature's prompting, like the nightingales.
Go scold them, dearest Leo.
*Leo.* I stop my ears.
Nature in Glück inspiring Orpheus
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?
*Graf.* Truce to rebukes! Tell us—who were not there—
The double drama: how the expectant house
Took the first notes.
*Walp. (turning from her occupation of decking the room with the flowers).*
Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.
Did you feel tremors? Leo, how did she look?
Was there a cheer to greet her?
*Leo.* Not a sound.
She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see naught but what no man saw.
'Twas famous. Not the Schroeder-Devrient
Had done it better. But your blessed pulse
Had never any judgment in cold blood—
Thinks all perhaps were better otherwise,
Till rapture brings a reason.
*Armg. (scornfully).* I knew that!
The women whispered, "Not a pretty face!"
The men, "Well, well, a goodly length of limb:
She bears the chiton."—It were all the same
Were I the Virgin Mother, and my stage
The opening heavens at the Judgment-day—
Gossips would peep, jog elbows, rate the price
Of such a woman in the social mart.
What were the drama of the world to them,
Unless they felt the hell-prong?
*Leo.* Peace, now, peace!
I hate my phrases to be smothered o'er
With sauce of saraphrase, my sober tune
Made bass to rambling trebles, showering down
In endless demi-semi-quavers.
*Armg. (taking a bonbon from the table, uplifting it before putting it into her mouth, and turning away).*
Mum!
*Graf.* Yes, tell us all the glory, leave the blame.
*Walp.* You first, dear Leo—what you saw and heard;
Then Armgart—she must tell us what she felt.
*Leo.* Well! The first notes came clearly firmly forth,
And I was easy, for behind those rills
I knew there was a fountain. I could see
The house was breathing gently, heads were still;
Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
And human hearts were swelling. Armgart stood
As if she had been new-created there
And found her voice which found a melody.
The minx! Glück had not written, nor I taught:
Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.
Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel
The silence tremble now, now poise itself
With added weight of feeling, till at last
Delight o'er-toppled it. The final note
Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,
Till expectation kept it pent a while
Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! he was changed:
My demi-god was pale, had downcast eyes
That quivered like a bride's who fain would send
Backward the rising tear.
*Armg. (advancing, but then turning away as if to check her speech).* I *was* a bride,
As nuns are at their spousals.
*Leo.* Ay, my lady,
That moment will not come again: applause
May come and plenty; but the first, first draught!
[*Snaps his fingers.*
Music has sounds for it—I know no words.
I felt it once myself when they performed
My overture to Sintram. Well! 'tis strange,
We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.
*Armg. (turning quickly).* Oh, pleasure has cramped dwelling in our souls,
And when full being comes must call on pain
To lend it liberal space.
*Walp.* I hope the house
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming good
That should have seemed the better and the best.
*Leo.* No, 'twas a revel where they had but quaffed
Their opening cup. I thank the artist's star,

His audience keeps not sober: once afire,
They flame toward climax, though his merit hold
But fairly even.
*Armg.* (*her hand on Leo's arm*). Now, now, confess the truth:
I sang still better to the very end—
All save the trill; I give that up to you,
To bite and growl at. Why, you said yourself,
Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were oped
That you might hear heaven clearer.
*Leo* (*shaking his finger*). I was raving.
*Armg.* I am not glad with that mean vanity
Which knows no good beyond its appetite
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;
Glad of the proof that I myself have part
In what I worship! at the last applause—
Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed
The handkerchiefs and many-colored flowers,
Falling like shattered rainbows all around—
Think you I felt myself a *prima donna?*
No, but a happy spiritual star
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide diffused,
Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
With a sublime necessity of good.
*Leo* (*with a shrug*). I thought it was a *prima donna* came
Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was proud
To find the bouquet from the royal box
Inclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,
Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own
Ambition has five senses, and a self
That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks
Plump down from ecstasy.
*Armg.* Own it? Why not?
Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
I sing to living men, and my effect
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,
Gold, incense, myrrh—'twill be the needful sign
That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
Before I sink to winter.
*Graf.* Ecstasies
Are short—most happily! We should but lose
Were Armgart borne too commonly and long
Out of the self that charms us. Could I choose,
She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.
*Armg.* (*taking out the gem and looking at it*).
This little star! I would it were the seed
Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shimmer
Were the sole speech men told their rapture with
At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside
From splendors which flash out the glow I make,
And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
Of half a continent? No, may it come,
That splendor! May the day be near when men
Think much to let my horses draw me home,
And new lands welcome me upon their beach,
Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing
In hope of disregard? A vile pretense!
And blasphemy besides. For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed
To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
As necessary breathing of such joy,
And may they come to me!
*Graf.* The auguries
Point clearly that way. Is it no offense
To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?
Or has the taste of fame already turned
The Woman to a Muse....
*Leo* (*going to the table*). Who needs no supper.
I am her priest, ready to eat her share
Of good Walpurga's offerings.
*Walp.* Armgart, come.
Graf, will you sit?
*Graf.* Thanks, I play truant here,
And must retrieve my self-indulged delay.
But will the Muse receive a votary
At any hour to-morrow?
*Armg.* Any hour
After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

SCENE II. *The same salon, morning.* ARMGART *seated, in her bonnet and walking dress. The* GRAF *standing near her against the piano.*

*Graf.* Armgart, to many minds the first success
Is reason for desisting. I have known
A man so various, he tried all arts,
But when in each by turns he had achieved
Just so much mastery as made men say,
"He could be king here if he would," he threw
The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,
The level of achieved pre-eminence,
He must be conquering still; but others said—
*Armg.* The truth, I hope: he had a meagre soul,
Holding no depth where love could root itself.
"Could if he would?" True greatness ever wills—
It breathes in wholeness like an unborn child,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.
*Graf.* He used to say himself he was too sane
To give his life away for excellence
Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette
Wrought to perfection through long lonely years,
Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.
He said, the very finest doing wins
The admiring only; but to leave undone,
Promise and not fulfill, like buried youth,
Wins all the envious, makes them sigh your name
As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,
Which could alone impassion them; and thus
Serene negation has free gift of all,
Panting achievement struggles, is denied,
Or wins to lose again. What say you, Armgart?
Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through;
I think this sarcasm came from out its core
Of bitter irony.
*Armg.* It is the truth
Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?
Their meanness is a truth, which I will spurn.
The praise I seek lives not in envious breath
Using my name to blight another's deed.
I sing for love of song and that renown
Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share,
Of good that I was born with. Had I failed—
Well, that had been a truth most pitiable.
I can not bear to think what life would be
With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims,
Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,
A self sunk down to look with level eyes
At low achievement, doomed from day to day
To distaste of its consciousness. But I—
*Graf.* Have won, not lost, in your decisive throw.
And I too glory in this issue; yet
The public verdict has no potency
To sway my judgment of what Armgart is:
My pure delight in her would be but sullied,
If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.
And had she failed, I should have said, "The pearl
Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light
With the same fitness that first charmed my gaze—
Is worth as fine a setting now as then."
*Armg.* (*rising*). Oh, you are good! But why will you rehearse
The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes
Explore the secrets of the rubbish heap?
I hate your epigrams and pointed saws
Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.
Confess, your friend was shallow.
*Graf.* I confess
Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.
I quoted merely to shape forth my thought
That high success has terrors when achieved—
Like preternatural spouses whose dire love
Hangs perilous on slight observances:
Whence it were possible that Armgart crowned
Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
You said you dared not think what life had been
Without the stamp of eminence; have you thought
How you will bear the poise of eminence
With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,
'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, which tread at every step
On possible verges.
*Armg.* I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
I am an artist as you are a noble:
I ought to bear the burden of my rank.
*Graf.* Such parallels, dear Armgart, are but snares
To catch the mind with seeming argument—
Small baits of likeness 'mid disparity.
Men rise the higher as their task is high,
The task being well achieved. A woman's rank
Lies in the fullness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.
*Armg.* Yes, I know
The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
Shall be that all superlatives on earth
Belong to men, save the one highest kind—
To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire
To do aught best save pure subservience:
Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Nature!
Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice
Such as she only gives a woman child,
Best of its kind, gave me ambition too,
That sense transcendent which can taste the joy
Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
For such achievement, needed excellence,
As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
"'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
She is a woman"—and then turn to add,
"Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled."
I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it.
*Graf.* No!
How should I say it, Armgart? I who own
The magic of your nature-given art
As sweetest effluence of your womanhood
Which, being to my choice the best, must find
The best of utterance. But this I say:
Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mistake
A strain of lyric passion for a life
Which in the spending is a chronicle
With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust me:
Ambition exquisite as yours which soars
Toward something quintessential you call fame,
Is not robust enough for this gross world,
Whose fame is dense with false and foolish breath.
Ardor, atwin with nice refining thought,
Prepares a double pain. Pain had been saved,
Nay, purer glory reached, had you been throned
As woman only, holding all your art
As attribute to that dear sovereignty—
Concentering your power in home delights
Which penetrate and purify the world.
*Armg.* What, leave the opera with my part ill sung
While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
My husband reading news? Let the world hear
My music only in his morning speech
Less stammering than most honorable men's?
No! tell me that my song is poor, my art
The piteous feat of weakness aping strength—
That were fit proem to your argument.
Till then I am an artist by my birth—
By the same warrant that I am a woman:
Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
Supreme vocation: if a conflict comes,
Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
Oh, I am happy! The great masters write
For women's voices, and great Music wants me!
I need not crush myself within a mould
Of theory called Nature: I have room
To breathe and grow unstunted.
*Graf.* Armgart, hear me.
I meant not that our talk should hurry on
To such collision. Foresight of the ills
Thick shadowing your path drew on my speech
Beyond intention. True, I came to ask
A great renunciation, but not this
Toward which my words at first perversely strayed,
As if in memory of their earlier suit,
Forgetful................................
Armgart, do you remember too? the suit
Had but postponement, was not quite disdained—
Was told to wait and learn—what it has learned—
A more submissive speech.
*Armg.* (*with some agitation*). Then it forgot
Its lesson cruelly. As I remember,
'Twas not to speak save to the artist crowned,
Nor speak to her of casting off her crown.
*Graf.* Nor will it, Armgart. I come not to seek
Other renunciation than the wife's,
Which turns away from other possible love
Future and worthier, to take his love
Who asks the name of husband. He who sought
Armgart obscure, and heard her answer, "Wait"—
May come without suspicion now to seek
Armgart applauded.
*Armg.* (*turning toward him*). Yes, without suspicion
Of aught save what consists with faithfulness
In all expressed intent. Forgive me, Graf—
I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me—
To you most grateful. Yet the best intent
Grasps but a living present which may grow
Like any unfledged bird. You are a noble,
And have a high career; but now you said
'Twas higher far than aught a woman seeks
Beyond mere womanhood. You claim to be
More than a husband, but could not rejoice
That I were more than wife. What follows, then?
You choosing me with such persistency
As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must find
Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
To share renunciation or demand it.
Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
As in a nation's need both man and wife
Do public services, or one of us
Must yield that something else for which each lives
Besides the other. Men are reasoners:
That premise of superior claims perforce
Urges conclusion—"Armgart, it is you."
*Graf.* But if I say I have considered this
With strict prevision, counted all the cost
Which that great good of loving you demands—
Questioned my stores of patience, half resolved
To live resigned without a bliss whose threat
Touched you as well as me—then finally,
With impetus of undivided will
Returned to say, "You shall be free as now;
Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
My love will give your freedom"—then your words
Are hard accusal.
*Armg.* Well, I accuse myself.
My love would be accomplice of your will.
*Graf.* Again—my will?
*Armg.* Oh, your unspoken will.
Your silent tolerance would torture me,
And on that rack I should deny the good
I yet believed in.
*Graf.* Then I am the man
Whom you would love?
*Armg.* Whom I refuse to love!
No, I will live alone and pour my pain
With passion into music, where it turns
To what is best within my better self.
I will not take for husband one who deems
The thing my soul acknowledges as good—
The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,
To be a thing dispensed with easily,
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.
*Graf.* Armgart, you are ungenerous; you strain
My thought beyond its mark. Our difference
Lies not so deep as love—as union
Through a mysterious fitness that transcends
Formal agreement.
*Armg.* It lies deep enough
To chafe the union. If many a man
Refrains, degraded, from the utmost right,
Because the pleadings of his wife's small fears
Are little serpents biting at his heel,
How shall a woman keep her steadfastness
Beneath a frost within her husband's eyes
Where coldness scorches? Graf, it is your sorrow
That you love Armgart. Nay, it is her sorrow
That she may not love you.
*Graf.* Woman, it seems,
Has enviable power to love or not
According to her will.
*Armg.* She has the will—
I have—who am one woman—not to take
Disloyal pledges that divide her will.
The man who marries me must wed my art—
Honor and cherish it, not tolerate.
*Graf.* The man is yet to come whose theory
Will weigh as naught with you against his love.
*Armg.* Whose theory will plead beside his love.
*Graf.* Himself a singer, then? who knows no life
Out of the opera books, where tenor parts
Are found to suit him?
*Armg.* You are bitter, Graf.
Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve,
All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found
A meaning in her life, or any end
Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.
*Graf.* And happily, for the world.
*Armg.* Yes, happily.
Let it excuse me that my kind is rare:
Commonness is its own security.
*Graf.* Armgart, I would with all my soul I knew
The man so rare that he could make your life
As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.
*Armg.* Oh, I can live unmated, but not live
Without the bliss of singing to the world,
And feeling all my world respond to me.
*Graf.* May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?
*Armg.* I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell!

SCENE 3.—A YEAR LATER. *The same salon.* WALPURGA *is standing looking toward the window with an air of uneasiness.* DOCTOR GRAHN.

*Doct.* Where is my patient, Fräulein?
*Walp.* Fled! escaped!
Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?
*Doct.* No, no; her throat is cured. I only came
To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?
*Walp.* No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,
"The Doctor has a right to my first song."
Her gratitude was full of little plans,
But all were swept away like gathered flowers
By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill—
It was a wasp to sting her: she turned pale,
Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,
"I go to Leo—to rehearsal—none
Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!"
Then rushed down stairs.
*Doct.* (*looking at his watch*). And this, not long ago?
*Walp.* Barely an hour.
*Doct.* I will come again,
Returning from Charlottenburg at one.
*Walp.* Doctor, I feel a strange presentiment.
Are you quite easy?
*Doct.* She can take no harm.
'Twas time for her to sing: her throat is well.
It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;
I had to use strong remedies, but—well!
At one, dear Fräulein, we shall meet again.

SCENE 4.—TWO HOURS LATER. WALPURGA *starts up, looking toward the door.* ARMGART *enters, followed by* LEO. *She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back toward the door, speechless, not seeming to see any thing.* WALPURGA *casts a questioning, terrified look at* LEO. *He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind* ARMGART, *who sits like a helpless image, while* WALPURGA *takes off her hat and mantle.*

*Walp.* Armgart, dear Armgart (*kneeling and taking her hands*), only speak to me,
Your poor Walpurga. Oh, your hands are cold.
Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.
(ARMGART *looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair,* WALPURGA *rising and standing near.*)

DOCTOR GRAHN *enters.*

*Doct.* News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.
*Armg.* (*starting up at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently*). Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!
Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
And kept me living.
You never told me that your cruel cures
Were clogging films—a mouldy, dead'ning blight—
A lava mud to crust and bury me,
Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,
Crying unheard forever! Oh, your cures
Are devils' triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,
And keep a hell on the other side your cure
Where you can see your victim quivering
Between the teeth of torture—see a soul
Made keen by loss—all anguish with a good
Once known and gone!
(*Turns and sinks back on her chair.*)
Oh, misery, misery!
You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
After my happy day and wake—not here!
In some new unremembered world—not here,
Where all is faded, flat—a feast broke off—
Banners all meaningless—exulting words,
Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.
*Doct.* (*after a moment's silence*). A sudden check has shaken you, poor child!
All things seem livid, tottering to your sense,
From inward tumult. Stricken by a threat,
You see your terrors only. Tell me, Leo:
'Tis not such utter loss.
[*Leo, with a shrug, goes quietly out.*
The freshest bloom,
Merely, has left the fruit; the fruit itself....
*Armg.* Is ruined, withered, is a thing to hide
Away from scorn or pity. Oh, you stand
And look compassionate now, but when Death came
With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
I did not choose to live and have your pity.
You never told me, never gave me choice
To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
Or live what you would make me with your cures—
A self accursed with consciousness of change,
A mind that lives in naught but members lopped,
A power turned to pain—as meaningless
As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. Oh, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?
The millionth woman in superfluous herds.
Why should I be, do, think? 'Tis thistle-seed,
That grows and grows to feed the rubbish heap.
Leave me alone!
*Doct.* Well, I will come again;
Send for me when you will, though but to rate me.
That is medicinal—a letting blood.
*Armg.* Oh, there is one physician, only one,
Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall send for;
He comes readily.
*Doct.* (*to Walpurga*). One word, dear Fräulein.

SCENE 5.—ARMGART, WALPURGA.

*Armg.* Walpurga, have you walked this morning?
*Walp.* No.
*Armg.* Go, then, and walk; I wish to be alone.
*Walp.* I will not leave you.
*Armg.* Will not, at my wish?
*Walp.* Will not, because you wish it. Say no more,
But take this draught.
*Armg.* The Doctor gave it you?
It is an anodyne. Put it away.
He cured me of my voice, and now he wants
To cure me of my vision and resolve—
Drug me to sleep that I may wake again
Without a purpose, abject as the rest
To bear the yoke of life. He shall not cheat me
Of that fresh strength which anguish gives the soul,
The inspiration of revolt, ere rage
Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.
*Walp.* (*setting down the glass*). Then you must see a future in your reach
With happiness enough to make a dower
For two of modest claims.
*Armg.* Oh, you intone
That chant of consolation wherewith ease
Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.
*Walp.* No; I would not console you, but rebuke.
*Armg.* That is more bearable. Forgive me, dear.
Say what you will. But now I want to write.
[*She rises and moves toward a table.*
*Walp.* I say, then, you are simply fevered, mad;
You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish
If you would change the light, throw into shade
The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall
On good remaining, nay, on good refused
Which may be gain now. Did you not reject
A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,
Than any singer's? It may still be yours.
Graf Dornberg loved you well.
*Armg.* Not me, not me.
He loved one well who was like me in all
Save in a voice which made that All unlike
As diamond is to charcoal. Oh, a man's love!
Think you he loves a woman's inner self
Aching with loss of loveliness?—as mothers
Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells
Within their misformed offspring?
*Walp.* But the Graf
Chose you as simple Armgart—had preferred
That you should never seek for any fame
But such as matrons have who rear great sons.
And therefore you rejected him; but now—
*Armg.* Ay, now—now he would see me as I am,
[*She takes up a hand-mirror.*
Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
An ordinary girl—a plain brown girl,
Who, if some meaning flash from out her words,
Shocks as a disproportioned thing—a Will
That, like an arm astretch and broken off,
Has naught to hurl—the torso of a soul.
I sang him into love of me: my song
Was consecration, lifted me apart
From the crowd chiseled like me, sister forms,
But empty of divineness. Nay, my charm
Was half that I could win fame yet renounce!
A wife with glory possible absorbed
Into her husband's actual.
*Walp.* For shame!
Armgart, you slander him. What would you say
If now he came to you and asked again
That you would be his wife?
*Armg.* No, and thrice no!
It would be pitying constancy, not love,
That brought him to me now. I will not be
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
If he were generous—I am generous too.
*Walp.* Proud, Armgart, but not generous.
*Armg.* Say no more.
He will not know until—
*Walp.* He knows already.
*Armg.* (*quickly*). Is he come back?
*Walp.* Yes, and will soon be here.
The Doctor had twice seen him, and would go
From hence again to see him.
*Armg.* Well, he knows.
It is all one.
*Walp.* What if he were outside?
I hear a footstep in the anteroom.
*Armg.* (*raising herself and assuming calmness*).
Why, let him come, of course. I shall behave
Like what I am, a common personage
Who looks for nothing but civility.
I shall not play the fallen heroine,
Assume a tragic part and throw out cues
For a beseeching lover.
*Walp.* Some one raps.
[*Goes to the door.*
A letter—from the Graf.
*Armg.* Then open it.
[WALPURGA *still offers it.*
Nay, my head swims. Read it. I can not see.
[WALPURGA *opens it, reads, and pauses.*
Read it. Have done! No matter what it is.
*Walp.* (*reads in a low, hesitating voice*).

"I am deeply moved—my heart is rent, to hear of your illness and its cruel result, just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn. But surely it is possible that this result may not be permanent. For youth such as yours, Time may hold in store something more than resignation: who shall say that it does not hold renewal? I have not dared to ask admission to you in the hours of a recent shock, but I can not depart on a long mission without tendering my sympathy and my farewell. I start this evening for the Caucasus, and thence I proceed to India, where I am intrusted by the government with business which may be of long duration." [WALPURGA *sits down dejectedly.*

*Armg. (after a slight shudder, bitterly).*
The Graf has much discretion. I am glad.
He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.
What I like least is that consoling hope—
That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"
Handed me as a cordial for despair.
*(Slowly and dreamily)* Time—what a word to fling as charity!
Bland neutral word for slow, dull-beating pain—
Days, months, and years!—If I would wait for them!
*(She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her mantle round her.* WALPURGA *leaves the room.)*
Why, this is but beginning. (WALP. *re-enters.*) Kiss me, dear.
I am going now—alone—out—for a walk.
Say you will never wound me any more
With such cajolery as nurses use
To patients amorous of a crippled life.
Flatter the blind: I see.
*Walp.* Well, I was wrong.
In haste to soothe, I snatched at flickers merely.
Believe me, I will flatter you no more.
*Armg.* Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot
As soberly as if it were a tale
Writ by a creeping feuilletonist, and called
"The Woman's Lot: a Tale of Every Day;"
A middling woman's, to impress the world
With high superfluousness; her thoughts a crop
Of chick-weed errors, or of pot-herb facts.
Smiled at like some child's drawing on a slate.
"Genteel?" "Oh yes, gives lessons; not so good
As any man's would be, but cheaper far."
"Pretty?" "No; yet she makes a figure fit
For good society. Poor thing, she sews
Both late and early, turns and alters all
To suit the changing mode. Some widower
Might do well, marrying her; but in these days!....
Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains
By writing, just to furnish her with gloves
And droschkies in the rain. They print her things
Often for charity." Oh, a dog's life!
A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart
Voted a nuisance! I am going now.
*Walp.* Not now, the door is locked.
*Armg.* Give me the key!
*Walp.* Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key:
She is gone on errands.
*Armg.* What, you dare to keep me
Your prisoner?
*Walp.* And have I not been yours?
Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.
Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint
With far-off scorn....
*Armg.* I paint what I must be!
What is my soul to me without the voice
That gave it freedom?—gave it one grand touch,
And made it nobly human?—Prisoned now,
Prisoned in all the petty mimicries
Called woman's knowledge, that will fit the world
As doll-clothes fit a man. I can do naught
Better than what a million women do—
Must drudge among the crowd, and feel my life
Beating upon the world without response,
Beating with passion through an insect's horn
That moves a millet-seed laboriously.
If I *would* do it!
*Walp. (coldly).* And why should you not?
*Armg. (turning quickly).* Because Heaven made me royal—wrought me out
With subtle finish toward pre-eminence,
Made every channel of my soul converge
To one high function, and then flung me down,
That breaking I might turn to subtlest pain.
An inborn passion gives a rebel's right:
I would rebel and die in twenty worlds
Sooner than bear the yoke of thwarted life,
Each keenest sense turned into keen distaste,
Hunger not satisfied, but kept alive,
Breathing in languor half a century.
All the world now is but a rack of threads
To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
And basely feigned content, the placid mask
Of women's misery.
*Walp. (indignantly).* Ay, such a mask
As the few born like you to easy joy,
Cradled in privilege, take for natural
On all the lowly faces that must look
Upward to you! What revelation now
Shows you the mask, or gives presentiment
Of sadness hidden? You who every day
These five years saw me limp to wait on you,
And thought the order perfect which gave *me*,
The girl without pretension to be aught,
A splendid cousin for my happiness:
To watch the night through when her brain was fired
With too much gladness—listen, always listen
To what *she* felt, who having power had right
To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
The souls around her with the poured-out flood
Of what must be ere she was satisfied!
That was feigned patience, was it? Why not love,
Love nurtured even with that strength of self
Which found no room save in another's life?
Oh, such as I know joy by negatives,
And all their deepest passion is a pang
Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
And meekly live from out the general store
Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept—
Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth
Of natures you call royal, who can live
In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,
Thinking their smiles may heal it.
*Armg. (tremulously).* Nay, Walpurga,
I did not make a palace of my joy
To shut the world's truth from me. All my good
Was that I touched the world and made a part
In the world's dower of beauty, strength, and bliss;
It was the glimpse of consciousness divine
Which pours out day and sees the day is good.
Now I am fallen dark; I sit in gloom,
Remembering bitterly. Yet you speak truth;
I wearied you, it seems; took all your help
As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
Not looking at his face.
*Walp.* Oh, but I stand
As a small symbol for a mighty sum—
The sum of claims unpaid for myriad lives.
I think you never set your loss beside
That mighty deficit. Is your work gone—
The prouder queenly work that paid itself,
And yet was overpaid with men's applause—
Are you no longer chartered, privileged,
But sunk to simple woman's penury,
To ruthless Nature's chary average—
Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load;
But what is he who flings his own load off
And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel's right?
Say, rather, the deserter's. Oh, you smiled
From your clear height on all the million lots
Which yet you brand as abject.
*Armg.* I was blind
With too much happiness: true vision comes
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one
This moment near me suffering what I feel,
And needing me for comfort in her pang—
Then it were worth the while to live; not else.
*Walp.* One—near you—why, they throng! you hardly stir
But your act touches them. We touch afar.
For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,
Which touched them through the thrice millennial dark?
But you can find the sufferer you need
With touch less subtle.
*Armg.* Who has need of me?
*Walp.* Love finds the need it fills. But you are hard.
*Armg.* Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard?
You humored all my wishes till to-day,
When fate has blighted me.
*Walp.* You would not hear
The "chant of consolation;" words of hope
Only imbittered you. Then hear the truth—
A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
For being cheerful. "It is well," they said:
"Were she cross-grained she would not be endured."
A word of truth from her had startled you;
But you—you claimed the universe; naught less
Than all existence working in sure tracks
Toward your supremacy. The wheels might scathe
A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce;
But yours they must keep clear of; just for you
The seething atoms through the firmament
Must bear a human heart—which you had not!
For what is it to you that women, men,
Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
Of aught but fellowship? Save that you spurn
To be among them? Now, then, you are lame—
Maimed, as you said, and leveled with the crowd:
Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self
Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
Says, "All is good, for I am throned at ease."
Dear Armgart—nay, you tremble—I am cruel.
*Armg.* Oh no! hark! Some one knocks. Come in!

(*Enter* LEO.)

*Leo.* See, Gretchen let me in. I could not rest
Longer away from you.
*Armg.* Sit down, dear Leo.
Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.
[*Walpurga goes out.*
*Leo (hesitatingly).* You mean to walk?
*Armg.* No, I shall stay within.
[*She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down immediately. After a pause, speaking in a subdued tone to* LEO.]
How old are you?
*Leo.* Threescore and five.
*Armg.* That's old.
I never thought till now how you have lived.
They hardly ever play your music?
*Leo (raising his eyebrows and throwing out his lip).* No!
Schubert, too, wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like frozen Rhine till a summer came
That warmed the grass above him. Even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth.
*Armg.* Do you think yours will live when you are dead?
*Leo.* Pfui! The time was, I drank that home-brewed wine
And found it heady, while my blood was young:
Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,
I am sober still, and say: "My old friend Leo,
Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
Why not thy handful?"
*Armg.* Strange! since I have known you
Till now I never wondered how you lived.
When I sang well—that was your jubilee.
But you were old already.
*Leo.* Yes, child, yes:
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;
Age has but traveled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!
It was my chief delight to perfect you.
*Armg.* Good Leo! You have lived on little joys.
But your delight in me is crushed forever.
Your pains, where are they now? They shaped intent
Which action frustrates; shaped an inward sense
Which is but keen despair, the agony
Of highest vision in the lowest pit.
*Leo.* Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep to the stage,
To drama without song; for you can act—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured
Into that sluice alone?
*Armg.* I know, and you:
The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,
And with its impulse only action came:
Song was the battle's onset, when cool purpose
Glows into rage, becomes a warring god,
And moves the limbs with miracle. But now—
Oh, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and rules—
Say "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion. How should I declaim?
As monsters write with feet instead of hands.
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.
One gift I had that ranked me with the best—
The secret of my frame—and that is gone.
For all life now I am a broken thing.
But silence there! Leo advise me now.
I would take humble work and do it well—
Teach music, singing, what I can—not here,
But in some smaller town where I may bring
The method you have taught me, pass your gift
To others who can use it for delight.
You think I can do that?
[*She pauses with a sob in her voice.*
*Leo.* Yes, yes, dear child!
And it were well, perhaps, to change the place,
Begin afresh as I did when I left
Vienna with a heart half broken.
*Armg. (roused by surprise).* You?
*Leo.* Well, it is long ago. But I had lost—
No matter! We must bury our dead joys
And live above them with a living world.
But whither, think you, you would like to go?
*Armg.* To Freiburg.
*Leo.* In the Breisgau? And why there?
It is too small.
*Armg.* Walpurga was born there,
And loves the place. She quitted it for me
These five years past. Now I will take her there.
Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.
*Leo.* Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
Another's living child.
*Armg.* Oh, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, "None misses it but me."—She sings—
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night.
*Leo.* Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.

*August*, 1870.

# MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

## JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BY G. POMEROY KEESE.

ONE bright October afternoon eighty years ago, as the sun was drawing lengthened shadows over the landscape, bathing in rich autumnal light the hills which surround the limpid waters of Otsego Lake, came around the base of "Mount Vision" a lumbering family coach, bearing, with its attendant vehicles, the founder of Cooperstown and his household to their new home. All the glorious beauties of the changing foliage, which have since charmed so many thousands who have visited this still rural retreat, were in their virgin splendor; and as the new-comers looked upon the scene, and beheld in the reflection of the lake below the dark shades of the evergreens contrasted with the gold and crimson hues of the maple and the beech, they must have been sadly insensible to the chief attraction of their future abode if they failed to see in it one of the most perfect combinations of hill and valley, lake and forest, which the hand of painter could portray.

The party, numbering fifteen in all with the family and domestics, was an imposing cavalcade in this primitive region just emerging from the wilderness. And as these "pioneers" in this then Western world approached the embryo village, the youngest member of the party, the subject of this sketch, then an infant of a year old, awoke from his afternoon nap, and, raising his head above his blanket, peered out upon the scene around him. As little recked he then of the future, and of the romantic and traditional associations which his pen was destined to weave around all this region, as the eaglet, when he first opens his eyes in his nest in the pine-tree, that he shall ever soar to meet the sun.

The pilgrimage, of which this afternoon journey was the conclusion, had taken two long and steady weeks of travel; and as the party left their former home in Burlington, New Jersey, and severed all the connection which bound them to a residence in the midst of the civilization and refinement of the early days of the republic, they doubtless felt that they were far more the pioneers in a new and untried venture than many an emigrant now feels when he starts for the most distant valleys of Montana.

The journey, which can now be made between sun and sun, was indeed a pilgrimage. At first, leading them through fields so recently made historic by the stirring scenes of the Revolution, and along the valley of the Hudson, it brought them into the mystic region of Sleepy Hollow—a locality then unknown, but which another of America's favorite authors was destined to make the rival of Otsego Lake in that magnetic attraction by which the writer, while he but speaks to us in fable, yet stamps upon a scene such an impress of reality that it requires but the deepening shades of night while passing over the bridge of the "Pocantico" to see Ichabod Crane pursued by the headless horseman; or, while rowing in the evening twilight under the overhanging branches of the trees which gather around the outlet of the "Glimmerglass," to quicken our stroke lest some stealthy Indian should drop into our boat from the trees above. Passing northward, under the shadow of the Catskills, they came at length to Albany, not then the capital of the State, and hardly above a village in population. Here they leave the line of travel and of civilization, and, entering into a sparsely settled district, they begin their experience of border life in the forest roads and wooded country, where a journey after nightfall would quicken the pulse of the stouter hearts in the party, and arouse the fears of the weaker sex. Reaching Cherry Valley, the story of the Indian massacre is still fresh in the memories of its inhabitants, and the party listen to the tale as told to them, and grasp their rifles with a firmer hand as they once more move into the forest on the last stage of their journey toward their new home. With the fading sunlight our travelers passed along the western slope of Mount Vision, and, as they paused to take a view of the lake, they saw a deer come out of the forest and drink of its waters. Soon they crossed the Susquehanna at its source, the outlet of Otsego Lake, and entered the confines of the village named after its founder—Cooperstown. The whole population of the place—thirty-five in all—were drawn up to receive the "lord of the manor," who, from henceforth, as the first judge of the county and its largest landed proprietor, became the leading spirit in all that region. As his dwelling was well known as the "Manor House," and was, for a long time, the largest private residence in that part of the State, we may be pardoned for giving him a title which our fierce Democracy now repudiates.

Thus our author entered upon the first new scene of his life, and into a region which was destined to be the home of his childhood, his residence for many years in later life, and his last resting-place. Few localities in this country, not connected with great events, have so felt the power of a writer's pen; and the points and bays of Otsego Lake become to the readers of the "Pioneers" and the "Deerslayer" the veritable scenes of "Natty Bumppo's" greatest triumphs, and the rocks upon the hill-side seem yet to echo to the war-whoop of the "cursed Mingoes."

William Cooper, the father of our author, made his first visit to Otsego Lake in the autumn of 1785, and, having become the possessor of large landed estates in the vicinity, he decided to make it his future home. He was a man of great energy of character, kind and benevolent to his dependents, of liberal and enlightened views, and well adapted to his changed position in life as the founder and builder-up of a new community. As we shall not have occasion to mention him again in this sketch, we will give one or two characteristic incidents, as they developed traits which were especially noticeable in his son James, the subject of this article.

A fondness for manly sports, and an open-hearted, generous disposition, found an illustration in the case of a tenant who came to him pleading sickness as an excuse for inability to pay his rent. "Well," said the Judge, "you look strong and healthy now. I'll wrestle with you in public for a wager. If you throw me, I'll give you a deed of your farm; if I throw you, you lose the offer." The village worthies crowded around to witness so novel a contest, and the Judge, perhaps willingly defeated, soon found himself on his back, calling out as he fell, "The farm is yours."

A love of the humorous, and a strong relish for a good joke or a comical incident, were marked features of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's character; and we can well imagine that as he related the following adventure of the luckless Frenchman, he enjoyed the story at second-hand quite as much as his father, the Judge, and his companions did the original occurrence.

"In the course of the winter of 1789–90, during one of the periodical visits of Colonel Frey, a large lumber sleigh was fitted out with four horses, and the whole party sallied upon the lake for a morning drive. An ex-officer of the French army, a Monsieur Ebbal, resided by himself on the western bank of the lake. Perceiving the sleigh-and-four approaching his house, this gentleman, with the courtesy of his nation, went forth upon the ice to greet the party, of whose character he was not deceived by the style in which it appeared. Mr. Cooper invited his French friend to join him, promising him plenty of game, with copious libations of Madeira, by way of inducement. Though a good table companion in general, no persuasion could prevail on the Frenchman to accept the offer that day, until, provoked by his obstinacy, the party laid violent hands on him, and brought him to the village by force. Monsieur Ebbal took his captivity in good part, and was soon as buoyant and gay as any of his companions. He habitually wore a long-skirted surtout, which at that time was almost a mark of a Frenchman, and this surtout he pertinaciously refused to lay aside, even when he took his seat at table. On the contrary, he kept it buttoned to the very throat—as it might be, in defiance. The Christmas jokes, a plentiful board, and heavy potations, however, threw the guest off his guard. Warmed with the wine and the blazing fire, he incautiously unbuttoned, when his delighted companions discovered that the accidents of a frontier, the establishment of a bachelor who kept no servant, and certain irregularities in washing days that were attendant on both circumstances, coupled with his *empressement* to salute his friends, had induced the gallant Frenchman to come abroad without a shirt. He was uncased on the spot amid the roars of the *convives*, and incontinently put into linen. "Cooper was so polite," added the mirth-loving Hendrik Frey, when he repeated this story for the hundredth time, "that he supplied a shirt with ruffles at the wristbands, which made Ebbal very happy for the rest of the night. But how his hands did go after he got the ruffles!"[*]

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789. As before stated, he was taken when an infant to Cooperstown, New York, which was henceforth to be the home of his family. Here his earlier years were spent amid the scenes and adventures incident to border life. Roaming in the woods, which still covered a large part of the country, and were yet the abode of the bear and panther, the deer and smaller game, there was sufficient excitement to arouse the keen senses of the hunter and the sportsman; while our young hero, lithe, active, and full of spirit, a leader among his youthful companions, laid the foundation in the stirring events of his boyhood for many a scene in his future tales which have the strong impress of reality.

Although the Indians, as a tribe, had left the head waters of the Susquehanna before the first settlement of Cooperstown, yet numbers of them still lingered around their old camping grounds; and stragglers from the Delawares and Mohawks were occasionally seen hovering about the shores of Otsego Lake, with traces of war-paint yet upon them. True, they had buried the hatchet with the close of the war for independence; yet the story of their bloody deeds, and their wild and untamed looks, as yet hardly changed by contact with civilization, was sufficient to arouse the vivid imagination of Cooper in his boyhood days. His lively brain was filled with half-wrought legends and tales of the Indians, which the presence of their native woods and the occasional smoke from a wigwam served to heighten and intensify, until it gave birth, in after-years,

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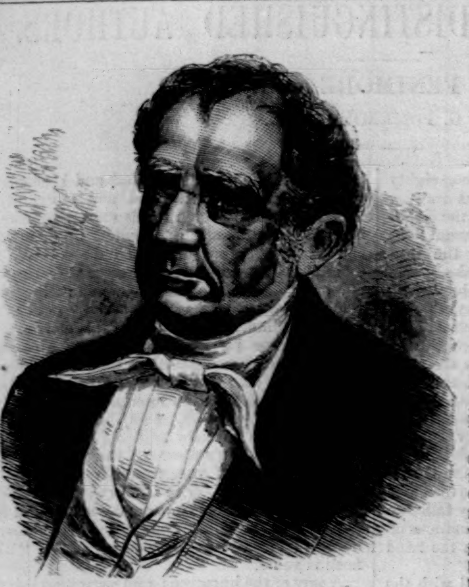
[*] The parents of Mr. Fenimore Cooper were of Quaker descent. William Cooper was a farmer's boy, and of humble origin. His courtship of Elizabeth Fenimore was opposed by her family, as they had position in society, and were comparatively wealthy. The youthful Cooper, however, had the spirit of "young Lochinvar," for he took the fair daughter of the house on a pillion behind him, and rode in haste to the nearest parson, where the two were made one before either family were aware of what was going on.

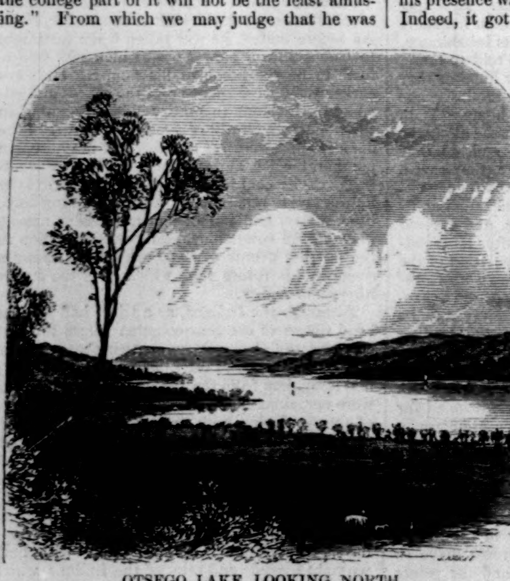


JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

to that wonderful series of Indian romances which have charmed young and old of all countries for nearly half a century, and rescued from oblivion the chivalrous and heroic in the "noble red man."

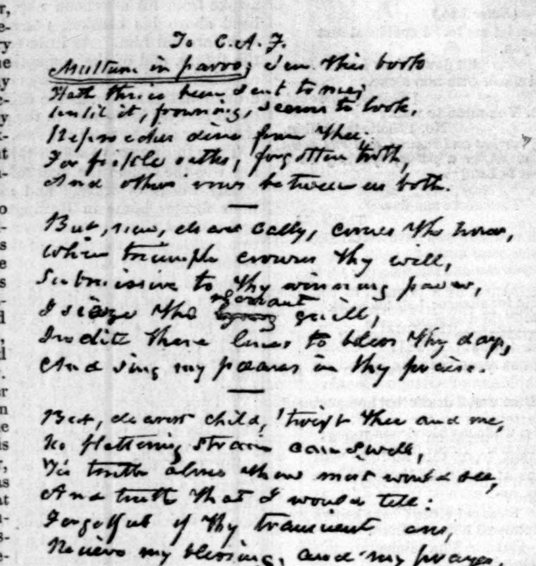
Of Cooper's childhood and early life some recollections have come down to us from those who were his contemporaries. Although not indicative of his future career as an author, yet the prominent traits of his character, which were so strongly marked in maturer years, had some foreshadowings in the incidents of his youth. He was of a highly imaginative turn of mind, with a decided tendency to the dramatic, so that he was often sought after to enliven an evening entertainment, and to aid by his ready wit in suggesting new sources of amusement. He was quite fond of personating different characters; and on more than one occasion he gave evidence of his ability in this line, to the entertainment of an entire company. A favorite representation of his was that of the ardent lover; and he would fall on his knees before some fair damsel, and make the most fervent protestations of devotion, accompanied by such earnest semblance of reality that the soft-hearted fair one was often more than half convinced that he was actually in love with her, and that his declaration meant all that it seemed.

As Cooper was able to enter Yale College when only thirteen years of age, we may suppose that, as a boy, he was no dunce—although, as he took part in the school exhibition of Mr. Cory, who was the instructor of the youth of Cooperstown for many a year, he must have imbibed some peculiar ideas of old Roman days, and of the costumes of the time of Julius Cæsar; for he tells us that, at one of their annual appearances upon the mimic stage, "Brutus and Cassius figured in hats of the cuts of 1776, blue coats faced with red, of no cut at all, and matross swords." However this may be, his subsequent college record was not unsatisfactory, considering that he was the youngest member of his class but one—the poet Hillhouse. Still he confesses himself that he was not a student, and that he often relied on his wits, rather than on his knowledge, to help him out of a scrape at recitation. No doubt he was fully up to the requirements of a college life, as viewed from the boy's stand-point, for he says, in a letter to Professor Silliman, "If I ever write my memoir, the college part of it will not be the least amusing." From which we may judge that he was not backward in taking his part when mischief was brewing among the under-graduates.



OTSEGO LAKE, LOOKING NORTH.

Although Cooper left Yale at the end of his third year for more active and stirring scenes, yet the benefits of his collegiate course were apparent in after-life; and he certainly did not allow his classical knowledge to grow rusty, as the writer of this has occasion to well remember. The incident alluded to may have sufficient interest to some of our young readers who are pursuing their studies to bear repeating here. It was during the winter of 1840, when Cooper resided at "The Hall," that several of the boys—Cooper's son among the number—who were pupils of "Duff's Classical and Military Academy," were in the habit of frequently meeting on Saturday evenings around the table in the family parlor at "The Hall," where young people were always welcome, and entertaining ourselves in various ways after the labors of the week. On this occasion we who met had just commenced reading Virgil, and, as is often the case with classical tyros, were rather fond of airing our Latin. The writer, a boy of fourteen, quoted in his turn, with considerable confidence, the opening of the second book of the Æneid, when—O luckless wight!—as he came to the third line, commencing, "Infandum, Regina," etc., he gave the short quantity to the word *regina*, pronouncing it *regĭna*. Instantly Mr. Cooper, who was promenading the room, as was often his habit when conversing with the members of his family, apparently taking no notice of us boys in the corner, turned short upon his heel, and, in his quick, decisive manner, exclaimed, "*Regĭna! regina!* what kind of Latin do you call that? Scan the line!" If I had any lingering knowledge of the right, it was pretty well frightened out of me by this attack, when Mr. Cooper, noticing my embarrassment, kindly set me straight—not, however, until I had received sundry kicks under the table from my companions, accompanied by repressed chuckles of delight at my discomfiture.



To C.A.F.

Multum in parvo; I see this book
Hath thrice been sent to me;
Until it, frowning, seems to look,
Reproaches dire from thee.
For fickle oaths, forgotten troth,
And other vows between us both.

But, now, dear Cally, comes the hour,
When triumph crowns thy will,
Submissive to thy winning power,
I seize the ~~[illegible]~~ recreant quill,
Indite these lines to bless thy days,
And sing my paeans in thy praise.

But, dearest child, 'twixt thee and me,
No flattering strain can swell,
'Tis truth alone thou most would see,
And truth that I would tell:
Forgetful of thy transient airs,
Receive my blessings, and my prayers.

In after life, when thou shalt grow
To womanhood, and learn to feel
The tenderness the aged know
To guide their children's weal;
Then wilt thou bless, with tenderness
Some smiling child, as I bless thee.

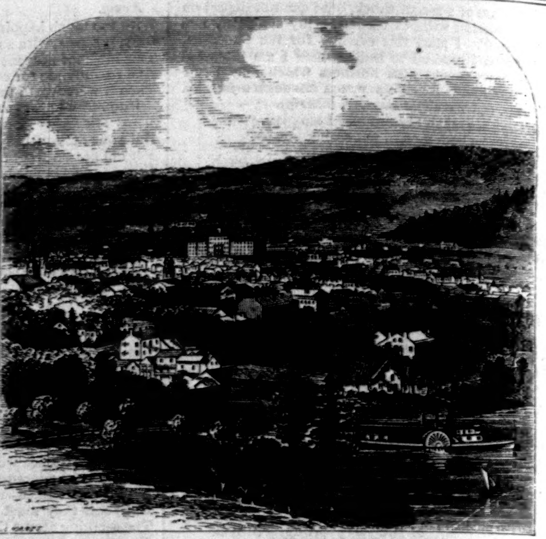
J. Fenimore Cooper

FAC-SIMILE OF COOPER'S HANDWRITING.

The Otsego *Herald*, familiarly known as "the little blue newspaper," was the first paper published in Cooperstown, and the second west of Albany. Its first number was issued in 1795. In the office of this paper Cooper, when a boy, was often found; at first only inspecting the mysteries of type-setting and printing, but afterward, as he became more interested, he obtained permission to set type himself. In a short time he became so expert that he was able to make up a form on his own account, and, pleased with his new accomplishment and its results, he made daily visits to the office with such regularity that his presence was looked for as a matter of course. Indeed, it got to be a common remark with the hands, if they were a little behindhand with a job, "Never mind; Cooper will be here soon, and he will help us out." The knowledge thus acquired in early life was of much use to him after he became an author, and he often surprised his publishers by his accuracy as a proof-reader, and by the acquaintance he evinced in the details of the printer's art.

Cooper left college in 1805, with the intention of entering the navy; but, following the custom of those days, he first made a voyage in a merchantman as a hand before the mast. A brief record of this period we find in his life of Ned Myers, who was a cabin-boy at the time on board the good ship *Stirling*, Captain Johnston.

Ned tells us of the first duty Cooper performed in his new position, and how he did it, in the following words: "That afternoon we lifted our anchor and dropped down abreast of Governor's Island, where we brought up. Next day all hands were called to get under way, an as soon as the anchor was short the mate told Cooper and myself to go up and loose the foretop-sail. I went on one yard-arm, and Cooper went on the other. In a few minutes the second mate came up, hallooing to us to 'avast,' and laughing. Cooper was hard at work at the 'robins,' and would soon have had his half of the sail down in the top had he been let alone; while I was taking the gaskets from the yard, with the intention of bringing them down on deck, where it struck me they would be quite safe. Luckily for us, the men were too busy heaving, and too stupid to be very critical, and we escaped much ridicule. In a week we both knew better."



COOPERSTOWN, LOOKING WEST.

Shortly after this, while the vessel was lying at anchor in the Thames, Ned narrowly escaped drowning by falling overboard between two ships. As he could not swim, he would have lost his life had not Cooper, coming aboard at that instant, sprang down and rescued him. This incident attached Ned very strongly to his preserver, and led him to seek him out again many years after.

Although Ned Myers seldom rose above the position of a common sailor, yet he was a man of considerable intelligence and native wit, and with a certain degree of refinement, which fitted him to associate with those much above him in condition of life. Broken down in health, and disabled from active service by an injury, he became an inmate of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, when hardly fifty years of age. Writing from this retreat to Mr. Fenimore Cooper, he inquired if he were the same person who was on board the *Stirling* with him. He soon received an answer, commencing, "I am your old shipmate, Ned;" and shortly after he had an interview with Mr. Cooper in the streets of New York.

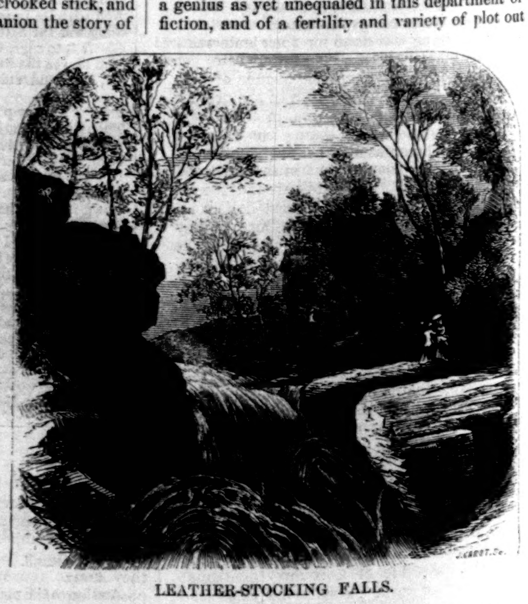
The writer remembers Ned well as he appeared in the summer of 1843, when on a visit to his former shipmate at Cooperstown. Almost daily during the season the two might be seen, between ten and eleven o'clock, coming out of the gate of "The Hall" for a morning walk. The one tall, portly, with the ruddy glow of health upon his countenance, and a firm, elastic tread, carrying a light whip of a cane, more ornamental than useful; while the other, prematurely old, with shrunken face and halting step, hobbled by his side, bearing heavily on a crooked stick, and reciting in the ear of his companion the story of his thirty years' wanderings. These reminiscences were put together by Mr. Cooper, in the course of the summer, in the form of an autobiography—by many believed to be a fictitious narrative, but which is, indeed, a truthful record of Ned's life.

Not many years after this visit to Cooperstown Ned died. Mr. Cooper kept track of his former shipmate during the remainder of his days, and often related, with mingled feelings of sadness and mirth, the circumstances attending his death. It appears that a short time previous Ned had come across the widow of an old comrade, in a needy condition. After assisting her for some time it occurred to him that he could provide for her much more conveniently and satisfactorily by marrying her, which he accordingly did. His last sickness came soon after, and upon his death-bed he gave some parting advice to his spouse, saying, among other things, that after the expiration of a suitable time from his decease she had his full permission to marry again, and that he should advise her to do so. "Ah, my dear Ned," replied his weeping partner, "don't mention it. I've had such bad luck this time I don't think I shall ever try it again."*

Of Cooper's first experience at sea, and of the adventures which befell him and his companions, we have a full account in the history of Ned Myers. Of his subsequent career as a midshipman and officer in the navy our record is less complete. Few of the men who composed the little band of sailors who gave honor to the flag of our country upon the seas, in the early part of the present century, are now living. Could some of his shipmates at that day have foreseen the future career of Cooper the midshipman, we should doubtless have had many an incident rescued from oblivion, and some American Marryat would have been found to give us quite as interesting a story of veritable adventures as the wonderful occurrences in the life of Mr. Midshipman Easy.

Five years of his life Cooper was in the navy, a period of time sufficiently long to make him a thorough sailor, and to give him all the rough and varied experience of an active life at sea. His retentive memory thus became a store-house of nautical ideas, enabling him in future years to give to the world a series of tales of the ocean, which have never been equaled for professional accuracy and for absorbing interest.

The story of many of Cooper's works, and the location of many a scene in his novels, can be traced back to some distant and almost forgotten event in his life. To his visit to Lake Ontario and the vicinity of the Thousand Islands, when a midshipman, in 1808, are we indebted for one of his most beautiful and stirring tales, the "Pathfinder"—a work which we believe we are correct in saying was Mr. Cooper's own favorite of all his romances. And well it might be, for it contains in one book the two leading features in his writings—the single-minded, fearless hunter of the forest, and the rough, outspoken, free-hearted sailor; while grouped around these prominent characters are some of the most charming creations of his pen: the faithful, loving Indian, June; Mabel, the pure-spirited, ingenuous girl and devoted daughter; Jasper, frank, true, and manly; and Sergeant Dunham, the soldier, firm, steady, and earnest in his duty. In no one of the "Leather-stocking" tales is the character of Natty more strongly yet gently drawn than in this marvelous romance; and as we part with him and his dusky companions on the shores of Ontario we feel, with Mabel, the sadness of the separation, and once more look, with her, "for a parting gesture or a stolen glance of the eye." Had Cooper written but one book, and that the "Pathfinder," he would have given evidence of a genius as yet unequaled in this department of fiction, and of a fertility and variety of plot out of which might have been worked half a dozen novels of the day.



LEATHER-STOCKING FALLS.

In Miss Cooper's "Pages and Pictures" we have an incident in Cooper's life in the wilderness in those primitive times. The party were sent to the mouth of the Oswego River to superintend the construction of the *Oneida*, a brig of sixteen guns. "When the brig was built and safely launched the young officers gallantly resolved to give a ball. This was a desperate enterprise under the circumstances. Officers were on hand and a fiddle; but where were the ladies to come from here in the wilderness? The officers declared they would not dance with each other. Ladies must be found. By dint of sending boats miles in one direction, and carts miles in another, the feat was accomplished; ladies were invited, and ladies accepted. As the hour for the ball approached, however, a delicate feature presented itself. How, and by what rule, were the honors of the evening to be allotted among the different claimants? After a prolonged council of war Lieutenant Woolsey took upon himself to decide the question. He issued his orders to the master of ceremonies. 'All ladies, Sir, provided with shoes and stockings are to be led to the head of the Virginia reel; ladies with shoes and without stockings are considered in the second rank; ladies without either shoes or stockings you will lead, gentlemen, to the foot of the country-dance.'" Such was a grand military ball in Oswego County at that date,

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* The Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, stood sponsor for Ned Myers at his christening. But Cooper had good reason for believing, and frequently so stated in private, that the Duke occupied a still closer relation, and that Ned was, in fact, his natural son. If this was the fact Ned made a great mistake that he did not seek to divide with Rev. Eleazer Williams the honors of royalty.

Cooper's early life in the navy brought him in contact with many young officers who served their country with honor and distinction in the war of 1812, and in the subsequent periods of our history; and the midshipmen of the first decade of the century were his associates as commanders and commodores thirty years later.

Of all his early companions the one for whom he entertained the strongest attachment was the present Admiral Shubrick. This friendship was earnest and constant through life, and the intimacy of the families is still unbroken at the present day. After Mr. Cooper's return from Europe, and the purchase of his old homestead at Cooperstown, Commodore Shubrick was several times a visitor at "The Hall;" and on these occasions Mr. Cooper seemed particularly happy in the companionship of one whose society was most congenial.

The first visit of Commodore Shubrick to Cooperstown is well remembered by the family from a little incident, which afforded Mr. Cooper much amusement at the time, and will doubtless be remembered by the gallant Admiral. Mr. Cooper had recently taken into his employ, as man of all work, a native of the Emerald Isle, who was particularly raw and verdant. As he was about to go to the post-office, on the day after the Commodore's arrival, he was told to ask if there were any letters for Commodore Shubrick. The name was a novel one to Pat, but it probably revived in his mind an association with his former life, for he walked into the office, and asked, with great confidence, for Mr. Cooper's mail, and if there were any letters for "Commodore Brickbat." "Who?" exclaimed the astonished postmaster. "Commodore Brickbat," repeated Pat, positively. The postmaster was nonplused, but, some one coming in at that moment, he asked if he knew who was staying at Mr. Cooper's. "Yes," was the reply; "Commodore Shubrick." "Ah! that's the name," said Pat: "but shure and didn't I come near it, though?"

The gallant Admiral still lives, full of years and honors, notwithstanding his pugnacious *Pat*-ronymic.

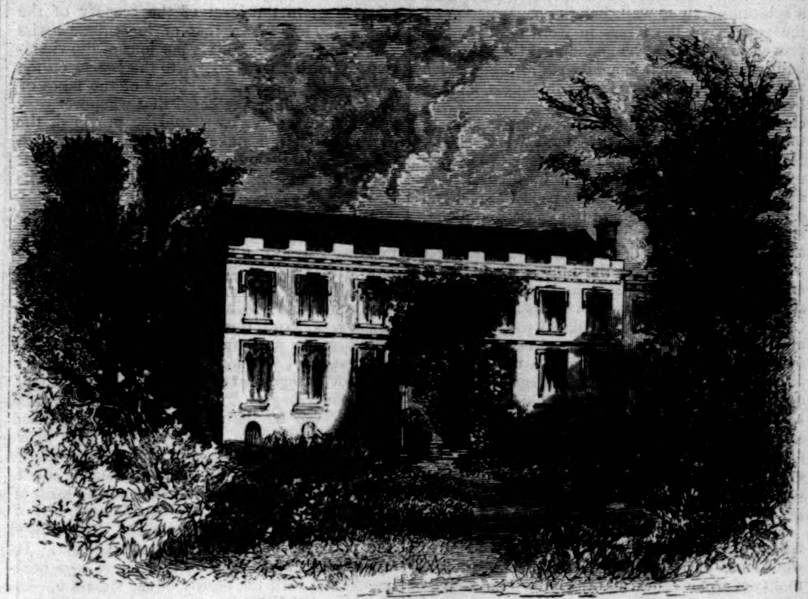
On the 1st of January, 1811, Cooper, then in his twenty-second year, married Miss De Lancey, the sister of the late Bishop De Lancey, of Western New York, and soon after resigned his position in the navy. This was the commencement of a domestic life of unbroken happiness and harmony for forty years. Rarely have we known a household so charming in unity and love as that at "The Hall" during the fifteen years of Mr. Cooper's later residence within its walls. The young people of Cooperstown thirty years ago, now middle-aged men and women, can never forget the joyous meetings in the old homestead, where every thing was done for their entertainment, where they were always at their ease, yet never presumed to overstep the bounds of propriety. It may be that the youth of the present day have quite as happy a time, in their way, as did their parents before them; but when we remember the Christmas holidays at "The Hall," with the sport of "snapdragon" in the darkened room, the games of "old maid" around the table, and the lively dance in the great hall, it requires a pretty strong faith to believe in any "good time coming" which shall quite equal the days gone by. On most of these occasions Mr. Cooper, then a man of fifty, was present; and, if he did not always enter into the sport, he never, by one forbidding word or look, cast a damper on the party.

With his retirement from the navy, and his marriage, ended Cooper's boyhood days. It is to be regretted that he did not leave behind him some record, in his own hand, of his early life. On one occasion, not many years before his death, he gave to the late Rufus W. Griswold some sketches and incidents of his youth, but calling again soon after, he asked Mr. Griswold for the manuscript, saying that he wished to revise it in some particulars; Mr. Griswold never saw the paper again.

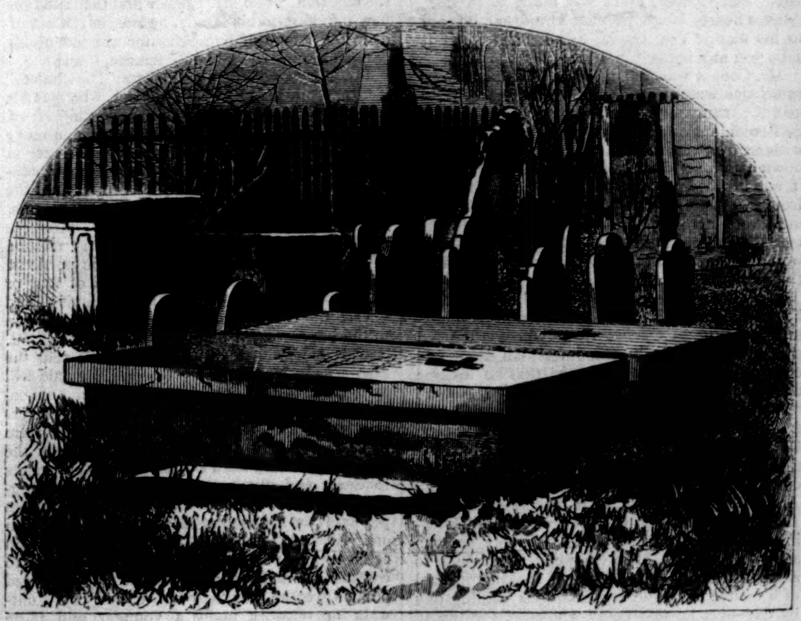
For nine years after his marriage Mr. Cooper led the quiet life of a country gentleman. Always fond of rural pursuits, he established himself at a country-seat near Mamaroneck, Westchester County, where, in amateur farming, gardening, and the embellishments of a home, the time passed pleasantly, and without eventful incidents. Strongly attached to the hills and valleys of Otsego and the scenes of his early days, he made frequent visits to his old home at Cooperstown, and for a time contemplated a permanent residence there. He erected a fine stone mansion on the bank of the lake, a short distance from the village, between the years 1814 and 1817, and during a portion of that time resided in a plain farm-house in the vicinity. This place was called "Fenimore," the family name of his mother, and he was at that time known only as James Cooper. The name "Fenimore," by which he is now known to the world, he took some years later, after the death of his mother—the male line in that family having become extinct. Circumstances induced Cooper to return to Westchester County about the year 1818, and the stone house above named remained unfinished and unoccupied. It was destroyed by fire several years later.

During Cooper's brief residence in Otsego at this time we have the evidence of the bent of his mind, and of his occupation as a farmer, in the fact that he was chosen as the first corresponding secretary of the County Agricultural Society, which was organized January 1, 1817. Under date of March 13, of the same year, he issued an address to the freeholders of Otsego County, seeking to enlist their interest in the society just formed, and calling attention to the benefits already manifested in the operation of similar associations. An extract from this address will show that Cooper was at this time thoroughly a farmer in his feelings, and earnest in his duty as an officer of the society: "The result of similar societies in our country affords undeniable evidence of their usefulness. The Pennsylvania Agricultural Society has wrought a surprisingly advantageous change in the mode of farming in the older counties of that State, and opened the most enviable of all mines to the possession of its inhabitants—a certain and ample return for the labor of the husbandman. Hundreds of farmers in that, as well as in other States, are in the successful practice of modes of husbandry, in the use of labor-saving instruments, or in the possession of improved breeds of cattle, who are ignorant from what source it is that, under God, they derive those blessings. Even we, in the possession of English grasses, and the varieties of apples, plums, etc., and in the use of plaster, are reaping the fruit of seed sown by different societies of this nature."

At the first fair of the society, held in Cooperstown in October, 1817, General Jacob Morris, son of Lewis Morris, signer of the Declaration of Independence, being president of the society, James Cooper, the secretary, read a letter from De Witt Clinton acknowledging his election as an honorary member of the society, and presenting a bag of wheat for experimental sowing in the county.*



OTSEGO HALL.



GRAVE OF COOPER.

Fifty years ago the question, "Who reads an American book?" so sneeringly cast at us from the other side of the water, might with some propriety have been put, "Who writes an American book?" At that day authorship as a profession was hardly recognized in this country; and he who would venture into the field of literature broke into untried ground with but little prospect of harvesting a crop, either to his honor or profit. To this circumstance may be due the fact that Cooper lived to be more than thirty years of age before he put his pen to paper in the production of any thing like a connected tale, or with any view of coming before the public as an author. We are told that in his quiet home at Mamaroneck, in the year 1820, where he led an easy but not a lazy or useless life, he first conceived the idea of writing a book. And this was, as it were, accidental, and was entered into only half in earnest, and with but little expectation of doing more at the time than entertain a few friends, or while away a passing hour. He was reading a late English novel aloud to his wife, when, finding it rather dull and uninteresting, he threw it aside, remarking, "I believe I can write a better book than that myself." The result was his first novel, "Precaution"—a story of English life and manners, which was received with some favor as a supposed importation from abroad, but otherwise did not rise above the rank of mediocrity. This much undoubtedly may be said for it, that, whatever may have been the opinion of his friends, it aroused within Cooper's own breast a sense of the latent power which lay hid within, stirring him up to the production of his first great tale, and settling the question with him forever as to his future course in life.

The appearance of the "Spy" at once stamped its author as a man of genius. It has made the name of Cooper more widely known as an author than any writer of fiction in the English tongue. Translations of it have been found in thirty different languages, and it has reached nearly every civilized nation in the world. A success so marked, by a writer new and almost unknown, took the world by surprise, while it opened a new era in the life of Cooper. He abandoned the tilling of the soil for a more difficult and uncertain venture in the field of literature. But he worked in no barren ground; and as year by year he brought to market the fresh and varied products of his fertile brain, the public received them with eager anticipation, and wondered at the well-filled store-house from which issued such rich and novel treasures.

It is not our purpose at this time to enter into the career of Cooper as an author. This has been done more than once in the twenty years which have elapsed since his death, and his books have become household words in every part of the land, and they are known and read of all men. It is rather the object of this article, while giving a brief outline sketch of his life, to gather in such personal incidents as are always of interest in the career of a public man, and note some features of his daily life which may have hitherto escaped record.

Six years after the publication of his first tale Cooper sailed with his family for Europe. His pen had not been idle in the interval. He had created the character of "Leather-stocking," and had plunged into the forest and brought the native Indian from its dark recesses, and given him a place in the notice and admiration of the world which many a dull historian of our aboriginal inhabitants had failed to reach. It has often been claimed that Cooper's Indian is an ideal rather than an actual creation; and that in his native state he is a blood-thirsty, vindictive, treacherous savage, and in his semi-civilization a drunken, lying, thieving wretch. It is not our province at this time to enter into the question of how far the worst passions of a persecuted and cheated race have been roused by contact with a people who have made the Indian what he is at this day. Rather let us point to noble and heroic names in the history of the red man, and claim for Cooper the same right to make his dusky heroes the embodiment of all the virtues of a race that the ordinary romance-writer has to ask our admiration of a model man which our refined civilization fails to produce.

In an interesting notice of Cooper, by Professor Greene, we have an account of a reception at Paris given by General Lafayette on the occasion of a visit of a number of Indians who were on an exhibition tour in Europe at that time: "Among the numerous guests present was Mr. Cooper, who was evidently considerably disgusted at an attempt to palm off some inferior representatives of the race as the Indian of the American forest. 'They are poor specimens,' said he; 'fourth-rate at the best in their own woods, and ten times worse for the lives they have been leading here.'"

Perhaps the most noteworthy incident of Cooper's residence in France, in view of the future career of the prominent character in question, occurred at a visit to the house of General Lafayette, with whom he was on terms of close and daily intimacy. It is given as follows:

"I was calling upon Lafayette one day," said Mr. Cooper, "and was let in by his confidential servant, who, it struck me, showed signs of having something to conceal. He said his master was at home, and, after a moment's hesitation, made way for me to go in, as usual, to his private room; but I saw there was some embarrassment. I walked in, and found the General alone. He received me with the same cordiality as ever, but inquired with some eagerness who let me in, and whether I met an old acquaintance going out. I told him that his old servant admitted me, and that there was certainly something peculiar in the man's manner; but, as I had seen no one else, I knew nothing more.

"'Ah!' said the General; 'that fellow put him in the side room. Sit down, and I will tell you. Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was here two minutes ago!'

"I expressed my surprise, of course, for this was in 1833, when it was death for a Bonaparte to enter France.

"'Yes,' continued the General; 'and he came with a proposition: he wishes to marry my granddaughter Clementine, *unite the Republicanists and Imperialists*, and make himself emperor and my granddaughter empress!'

"'And, if it be not an improper question,' I said, 'what was your answer, my dear General?'

"'I told him,' said Lafayette, 'that my family had the American notion on that subject, and chose husbands for themselves; that there was the young lady—he might go court her; and if she liked him I had no objection.'"

Mr. Cooper did not tell us (for, of course, he did not know) how the Prince plied his wooing, nor why he failed. The fair Clementine, who thus possibly lost her chance of being an ex-empress, married M. De Beaumont, who lately represented her rejected admirer at the Court of Austria.

The wheel of fortune has revolved several times since that memorable interview, and the stealthy visitor to Lafayette's chamber has, in turn, become the president of a republic, the foremost monarch of Europe, and once more returned to his first estate, a fugitive and an exile.

It may perhaps interest some who place value on relics of the past to know that the sofa-lounge which was General Lafayette's favorite seat when visiting Mr. Cooper in Paris, is still in possession of a member of the family.

Mr. Cooper was absent from his native land nearly eight years. While a portion of this time was spent in traveling in the different countries in Europe, yet his fixed residence for several years was in France; so that, on his return home in 1833, his younger children, in their habits, manners, and language, were decidedly more French than American. Occupying a house in Carroll Place, New York, soon after his arrival in this country, he fitted it up in all its essentials with furniture brought from France; while servants, male and female, came with the family from the same country. Partly owing to this latter circumstance it was that the French language was spoken almost exclusively in the family circle, and for some time after the details of their domestic life were decidedly Parisian. Even the family cat was French; and visitors to the house at that day will remember "Coquelicot" as a privileged member of the establishment, usually occupying a large arm-chair in front of the fire, and seldom disturbed in his slumbers, even if persons present took up with less comfortable seats. "Coque" presumed somewhat upon these indulgences, and, as he grew older, resisted with some spirit any attempt to trespass upon his rights. He was one of the largest cats I ever saw, and splendidly marked in gray and black. As he lay one day, apparently sleeping, on his accustomed cushion, a gentleman visitor at the house incautiously leaned over the high top of the chair in the occupancy of the cat. This apparent movement upon his stronghold was too much for the equanimity of Coque, and he made a sudden dash upon the invader, inflicting a serious wound. A shriek of agony called the host to the rescue, and Coque was expelled from the room, and retired a while into temporary disgrace. Frisk, a little black terrier, was American born, and for a time became the rival of Coque in the affections of the family. Frisk was a waif, picked up in the streets of New York and rescued from death, after having been run over by a butcher's cart in St. Mark's Place, where Cooper then resided. One leg was fractured, and he was nursed with tenderest care until he recovered, when he became a prominent member of the household. He came to Cooperstown, where he outlived Coque many years, finally dying of old age. Frisk usually accompanied Mr. Cooper in his morning walk; and when he was seen running around the corner, often on three legs, holding up the wounded member in rheumatic weather, one might be pretty sure that the author of the "Pioneers" was not far behind.

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* On a subsequent occasion, viz., in 1822, we find De Witt Clinton in correspondence with Cooper's brother-in-law, George Pomeroy, of Cooperstown, in relation to the celebrated Otsego bass—a fish which is found in no other waters but those of Otsego Lake. Governor Clinton at first supposed the fish to be similar to the white-fish of the Western lakes; but in a subsequent letter he acknowledges the error, and claims the fish to be a nondescript, unknown in any other lake.

Shortly after Mr. Cooper's return from Europe, or in 1834, "Otsego Hall," the old family mansion at Cooperstown, passed into his hands by purchase. He at once commenced the work of repairing and remodeling the house, which, having been unoccupied for some time, had fallen into decay. The building was a substantial one of brick, forty-eight feet by sixty-four feet, and two stories high, but without any pretensions to architectural beauty. Professor Morse, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Cooper, and on a visit to Cooperstown at the time, suggested the plans for the alterations, which were carried out after his drawings.[*] The result was a structure of a very imposing and effective appearance, and quite unique in design. An entrance tower, reaching to the second story, inclosed the front steps, which were substantially built of stone. On the east was a square tower, with a small round one attached, inclosing the principal stairway and large pantries and closets; on the south a small semicircular tower protected the rear entrance. The main walls of the house were raised four feet, and finished with a battlemented cornice; and this, with the Gothic-topped double windows, gave quite a castellated appearance to the building. The interior, though old-fashioned and plain in finish, had a spacious and fine effect. The grand hall, which was twenty-five feet by forty-eight in size, and sixteen feet high, was entered immediately from the front-door. On the right was the drawing-room, and next to it Mr. Cooper's library, a well-proportioned apartment of twenty by twenty-four feet, and twelve in height, situated in the most retired part of the house, and having a southern and western exposure. In this room were written all the works of the last fifteen years of his life. Its deep recessed windows, dark oak wainscoting, and the thick shade of the numerous trees in the vicinity, combined to give it an appearance of quiet and repose so eminently befitting a room of its character. On two sides were tall book-cases reaching nearly to the ceiling, which were well filled with books of a somewhat miscellaneous description—a circumstance in a measure owing to an agreement at one time in force with his publisher, by which he received a copy of every book issued by the firm. There were, however, many works of much interest and value, although it is believed a complete set of his own books was not among the number. Several curiosities were to be found in different parts of the room, the gifts of various friends. A huge pair of antlers from the top of one of the book-cases held in their embrace a calabash from the South Seas. A small black box, made of the wood of the *Endeavor*, the vessel in which Captain Cook made his first voyage, stood upon the writing-table. This box was presented to Mr. Cooper by the town of Newport, Rhode Island, the opening scene in the "Red Rover," and had on its cover a silver plate, on which was engraved a representation of the *Royal Caroline*. It was much prized by him. A large folding screen occupied one corner of the room, upon which were pasted a collection of engravings taken from scenes known to the family during their tour and residence in Europe, and also containing a number of notes and autographs from persons of distinction, mostly French. A similar screen was in the hall.

The author's writing-table, which stood in the library, was a plain one of black-walnut, esteemed as a family heir-loom, its origin dating back beyond recollection. It was brought from Burlington, New Jersey, with the settlement of Cooperstown, in the last century, and was known as "Rankocus," from the creek which formed the boundary of the farm in New Jersey. It is fondly remembered by those who knew "The Hall" in Judge Cooper's day as the conservatory of the cake-basket; that excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Cooper, having kept the legs so highly polished that no mouse was ever known to ascend them. Across the hall, on the opposite side from the library, was Mr. Cooper's bedroom—the room in which he died. The main hall was invariably the dining-room, being shut off from the entrance door by a large folding screen. The principal stairway led from the hall between the bedroom and the parlor. When Mr. Cooper first commenced the improvements on his property he intended to inclose the entire five acres with a substantial stone wall, but the construction of the portion on the street in front of the house proved so costly that he abandoned the idea, and built a plain wooden fence instead. That which was built was about two feet in thickness, flanked by heavy buttresses, the main entrance being closed by gates of solid oak of great weight, fit to guard the approach to some ancient castle. Mr. Cooper despised any appearance of show or unreality, whether in man or in architecture, and in all his improvements he used the real and solid oak. The timbers of the house, the doors, and the stairway were all of this wood, and so the gates must be of oak also. Their great weight was more than the hinges could bear, and the gates sagged so that they were a constant source of annoyance to visitors at the house. Oftentimes persons were obliged to turn away, unable to effect an entrance; and one lady playfully presented Mr. Cooper with a bill for three pairs of kid gloves, which she alleged had been destroyed in attempts to open those formidable barriers. It was not until the proprietor himself was one day detected in scaling the wall, after a vigorous but ineffectual assault upon his own castle gates, that the heavy oak gave way to lighter pine, and Cooper had to accept a compromise between his taste and practical utility.

A few years later Mr. Cooper had an opportunity of bringing into use his favorite native wood, and of rendering efficient service in the reality of architectural adornment. The old parish church was about to undergo enlargement and remodeling, and Mr. Cooper was much interested in the work. To him the Christ Church of today is indebted for its fine interior of real oak, which, although it has undergone a second enlargement, still retains the evidences of his taste and labor. It was on this occasion that an incident occurred which Mr. Cooper often related with great zest, and which afforded him infinite amusement at the time. It is thus told by an eye-witness: "While Mr. Cooper was superintending the repairs on the Episcopal church, as the wood of the pews was of oak, he wished to see the effect of oil on his favorite grain. He turned to his man David, who was usually employed about 'The Hall,' and said, 'David, go to Boden's, and tell him to come up here, and bring with him a quart of boiled oil.' David hesitated, looked confused, and very respectfully said, 'What did you say?' Mr. Cooper replied, placing his right forefinger in the palm of his left hand at the full, distinct, and deliberate utterance of each word, repeating his order for the *boiled oil*, these latter words being sounded out with all the richness which his sonorous voice could impart. But David was yet doubtful, and said, 'Mr. Cooper, don't you mean *biled ile?*' After a hearty laugh, peculiar to himself, he said to his man, 'Yes, David, call it *biled ile* if it suits you any better.'"

Mr. Cooper was a man whose prominent characteristics were very strongly marked. With him the trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. Self-confident and positive in his assertions, yet without overweening vanity and conceit, he laid down his propositions with an earnestness which, if not always popular, yet commanded respect from the unprejudiced. That he did not always meet with a response we must attribute to the fact that there were many then, as now, who would willingly blind themselves to their own or their country's weaknesses.

Thus it happened that in several of his works he used great plainness of speech to his countrymen, seeking to correct them where they fell short of his standard in manners, language, and customs; and thus it happened that he became unpopular among his own people, for the same reason that a man will turn his back upon the friend who presumes to tell him of his faults. Cooper was misjudged and misunderstood by those who, at the time, were so violent in their denunciations. A more patriotic and thorough American never lived than Fenimore Cooper. He perhaps erred in his method of administering rebuke—as the school-master may do who seizes a dull and boorish pupil, and seeks to sharpen his wits by a thorough shaking, instead of a course of gentle and laborious drilling day by day—yet he told many wholesome truths, if he did not present them in the most palatable manner.

When Cooper came back to America after his European tour, accustomed as he had been to the first society of the Old World for nearly eight years, he found many things to criticise in a country as yet hardly emerged from its chrysalis state, but still extremely sensitive as to any comparison with older or more finished models. That Cooper should presume to instruct or improve his countrymen was at once resented as the unwarrantable dictation of an aristocrat. We have grown wiser and less sensitive now with the increase of our power and position, and a Dickens might give a change for "American Notes," or Cooper a new edition of "Home as Found," without creating any other feeling than that of amusement at the clever delineation of some of our national idiosyncrasies.

Cooper's enthusiastic appreciation of foreign scenery did not lessen his enjoyment of that of his native land. In his Leather-stocking and other tales, while discriminating between the sublime grandeur of the Swiss mountains and the more modest beauties of American landscapes, some of his finest pen-pictures are of the latter. Not least among these are passages from the "Deerslayer," in one of which he describes Otsego Lake as "a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere compressed into a setting of hills and woods." And of the adjoining shores and landscapes beyond he says, in "The Chronicles of Cooperstown," they are "among the richest and most pleasing rural pictures that can be offered to the eye. Nothing is wanting but ruined castles and recollections to raise them to the level of the scenery of the Rhine, or, indeed, to that of the minor Swiss views." Comparing other portions of the vicinity to English park scenery, to the *bourgs* on the Swiss waters, and to the shores of the lakes of Westmoreland, he predicted that whenever easy access from our cities should be provided, the shores of Otsego Lake would be "lined with villas," and become a peculiarly favorite resort for those who live less for active life than for its elegance and ease.

Mr. Cooper commenced refitting his old homestead at Cooperstown in 1834, making it a summer residence for a time, and spending the winters with his family in Philadelphia. A few years later he withdrew almost entirely from city life, and made his permanent home in the country. About this time he returned to his first love as a farmer, and purchased a tract of upward of a hundred acres on the eastern bank of Otsego Lake, about a mile and a half from the village. This farm, known as "The Chalet," was his daily resort for relaxation and enjoyment after his literary labors were over. It commanded an extensive view of the village and the valley of the Susquehanna on the south, and of the hills and country beyond the head of the lake on the north. It was this view, one of the most beautiful in the vicinity, that caused the purchase of the farm by Mr. Cooper. Its attractions to the agriculturist were not commensurate with the beauty of the situation. Indeed, a more forbidding spot, as far as the labors of the husbandman were considered, could not well have been chosen. The whole farm is, in fact, a miniature mountain, rising abruptly from the shore of the lake to the height of about four hundred feet, and, with the exception of two or three level terraces of a few acres each, an unbroken hill-side, dotted with stumps, intersected by rocky ledges, and crowned by a wooded crest. To a farmer seeking a pecuniary return for his investment this spot would surely have been passed over; but for Cooper, who delighted in overcoming difficulties, and who attacked with vigor any opposing obstacle, this was just the place.

Almost every summer's morning, not far from eleven o'clock, he might have been seen riding out of the gate of "The Hall" in an old-fashioned buggy, drawn by a tall sorrel horse, known in the family as "Pumpkin." Pumpkin was not remarkable for beauty or for speed, and had certain peculiarities of gait and action which could not have rendered him attractive in the market; but he was the only horse Cooper owned for ten years, and is fondly remembered in the family as a faithful servant. He derived his name from the fact that, when Mr. Cooper first exhibited his new purchase to his family, he was in the act of drawing a load of pumpkins for the use of his companion in the stable, Seraphina, the cow.

Mr. Cooper seldom rode alone to "The Chalet;" if not accompanied by Mrs. Cooper, who was his frequent companion, he would hail the first of his acquaintances he saw on the street, and make him share his seat in the buggy. Arriving at the farm, he entered heartily into all the operations which he had in progress, directing the men who were at work with the stump machine, superintending the building of roads—often cut in the solid rock—and planning the best method of ditching and underdraining certain portions. The live stock of the farm consisted of four or five cows, two yoke of oxen, and a few pigs and fowls; the crops were a secondary consideration to the improvement and clearing up of the land. Any farmer will readily see from this that the cash receipts could not have been large, and will appreciate Mr. Cooper's satisfactory announcement, after the property had been in his possession some ten years, that "this year the farm has actually paid its expenses." Although the pecuniary results were not large, yet the benefits to him personally were beyond price. The regular and stated out-door exercise, taken between the hours of his literary labors, kept him in firm and vigorous health; and although he was a man of large and portly presence, rather inclined to corpulency, and weighing about two hundred pounds, yet he was very active, and could outwalk or outwork many a younger and more lightly built man.[*]

Cooper frequently rode on horseback, and seemed proof against the anti-dyspeptic trot of Pumpkin, who was not noted for his ambling gait. When interested in the work of the farm he would ride all over the hills, superintending the men, and then back again to the village, evincing no perceptible fatigue after being several hours in the saddle. Again, taking to the lake, of which he never wearied, he rigged up a light skiff for sailing, and ran from point to point and bay to bay, apparently only interested in the amusement of the hour, but often looking in upon scenes and localities which were soon to figure in another tale of Otsego Lake. He was also an expert swimmer, and after the heat of a summer's day would go a mile or two up the lake for a bath, taking us boys with him. He laughed at our timid venturings when we were just learning to swim, and would strike out fearlessly into the deep water of the open lake, and call upon us to follow. If we hesitated he would turn about and take us one by one upon his back, cautioning us to look out that he did not give us a ducking when he got out where it was over our head.

The vegetable garden claimed a considerable share of his attention. It was his pride and delight to have each vegetable as early in its season as possible; and he might frequently have been heard to call to a neighbor in the street, announcing that he had picked his first mess of pease, or had green corn fit for the pot. Turnips and new potatoes he always boasted of having especially early, although a minute inquiry from some rival gardener would force him to admit that they were of Lilliputian proportions, and had made their first appearance upon the table in the form of soup. As his grounds were extensive, he cultivated every thing on a liberal scale, and there was hardly any one among the circle of his acquaintances who was not indebted to his garden for frequent supplies. Musk-melons, particularly, were raised in great abundance, being his favorite fruit, and during his last illness he ate them with relish when all other food seemed to fail.

The varied duties of the day being accomplished, the gathering shades of twilight usually found Cooper promenading the large hall, his hands crossed behind his back, his brow carrying the impression of deep thought, his head also doing duty as far as possible in the way of gesticulation, by frequent and decisive nods of approval, or otherwise, of his thoughts, to which he often gave utterance in audible words—no doubt to be committed to paper the following morning, as he rarely wrote much in the evening. This combined bodily and mental exercise was sometimes continued after tea, although usually in the evening he was to be found in the midst of his family, either reading the papers—often aloud, with a running commentary attached, as he came to an interesting article—or indulging in his favorite game of chess with Mrs. Cooper. The early morning was Cooper's habitual hour for writing. Oftentimes he was the first one up in the house, and as the family did not breakfast until nine o'clock, he accomplished a good deal of work before that hour. His library was not by any means a sanctum; and although he did not allow any one to share its occupation while he was engaged in writing, yet it was freely open to all visitors; even the juveniles were permitted many a romp upon the cushions on the lounge, or suffered to rummage unreproved among the books for a favorite picture or story.[*]

The old "Hall" has passed away, but its memories are fondly cherished in the hearts of many now living, and associations of sixty years cluster around its site, recalling events of early days and recollections of later times as bright and unclouded as rarely fall to the lot of a homestead in this new land. A year after Mr. Cooper's death, his wife surviving him but four months, the property was sold, and the building, suffering material alterations, was converted into a summer hotel. After occupancy for one brief season it was destroyed by fire in October of the same year. Since then, for eighteen years, the ground has remained unimproved until it has become an overgrown wilderness. Visited annually by hundreds, it gives little evidence of the beauties which formerly surrounded it. A contemplated extension of a village street will soon pass over the site of the house, and the place thereof will be known no more.

Mr. Cooper died September 14, 1851, within one day of his sixty-second birthday. His failing health during the summer had been a source of much anxiety to his friends, although a fatal termination was not apprehended until within a few weeks of his death. He had been for many years a vestryman in the parish of Christ Church, Cooperstown, of which he was a member, and was frequently a delegate to the diocesan conventions held in the city of New York. Earnest, zealous, liberal, his loss was severely felt in the parish; while his deep religious principle and high-toned moral character, as evinced through many of his writings, left an example for others to follow, and gave to his works a position and influence in the religious world seldom accorded to a writer of fiction.[†]

The remains of Mr. Cooper and his wife lie side by side in the family burying-ground attached to the church. In the engraving which accompanies this sketch the low, flat stones in the centre of the ground are those of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, while the high tomb in white marble is that of Judge Cooper, the father of our author. The memorial monument to Fenimore Cooper stands in Lakewood Cemetery, on the eastern shore of the lake, about a mile from the village. It is in the immediate vicinity of "Mount Vision" and "Prospect Rock," and just below the locality of the opening scene in the "Pioneers." This monument was erected by subscriptions from the immediate personal friends of Mr. Cooper, together with the amount received from the "Cooper Monument Fund" of New York, which had its origin in the enthusiasm of the memorial meeting held soon after Mr. Cooper's death, but which, like many other projected enterprises of a similar character, languished after the first glow of warmth had subsided.

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[*] Professor Morse and Mr. Cooper were in Paris at the same time, and the Professor was a regular evening visitor at the house of Mr. Cooper. On these occasions he would frequently bring with him a small wooden box, and explain enthusiastically to his doubting host the mysteries which lay hid within. This box contained the incipient telegraph.

[*] The engraving of Mr. Cooper herewith given—although, as all such must be, imperfect—is from a photograph of the latest, and, in the opinion of members of Mr. Cooper's family, the best portrait of him in his later years, by Albert Bigelow, of Buffalo.

[*] Mr. Cooper was remarkably fond of children, particularly of little babies, and he has won the heart of many a mother by his endearing caresses of the little ones. He would often stop and pick up a child in the street, kissing it even if not overclean, and then taking it along to the nearest store for a bit of candy or a toy.

[†] It is a fact well authenticated that two clergymen now living were first drawn toward a religious life, and subsequently to enter the ministry, from impressions received through reading one of Cooper's novels.

It is not the province of a brief sketch of this nature, nor is it our wish, to attempt a critical notice of even the more marked features of Mr. Cooper's character; but before bringing this paper to a close we may be allowed to mention one or two points which may not be without interest.

If we were asked to give in one word Mr. Cooper's most prominent characteristic, we should answer—manliness. He despised all attempts at double dealing; underhand and secret diplomacy, either in domestic or public life, met with no favor from him. He was open and aboveboard himself, and ever ready and outspoken in what he believed to be the truth in matters of fact. His numerous libel suits, in many of which he was his own lawyer, caused him to become quite expert in the conduct of a case; but he often expressed great indignation and astonishment at the subterfuges resorted to by witnesses on the stand to avoid telling the whole truth, and also to notice in how many cases the sacred character of the oath was lightly regarded. He was greatly annoyed when any one made loose or slipshod statements in matters of importance; and to show how often this was the case, even in the witness-box, he cited an instance which occurred in a suit to which he was a party in his own village. "The man testified," said Mr. Cooper, "that I replied to a remark of his, 'Our folks have gone to meeting;' whereas any one who knows me knows that I never said any such thing. What I did say was this, 'My family have gone to church.' Now, no doubt, the man thought he was telling the truth, but it shows how little he was to be depended upon for an accurate statement."

In matters of fact he was scrupulously exact, and has been known to withhold valuable manuscripts from publication for years, until he could supply or verify a date or a fact. A few years before his death the authenticity of his account of the battle of Lake Erie in the naval history having been questioned, he elucidated it before three distinguished lawyers chosen as arbiters, who decided in his favor. Of his closing argument a barrister said to Mr. Bryant, "I have heard nothing like it since the days of Emmet." One of his latest labors, after he was compelled to employ an amanuensis, was a continuation of this history, which Mr. Bancroft had pronounced "the most admirable composition of which any nation could boast on a similar subject."

Mr. Cooper was seldom incorrect in his conclusions, although sometimes in advance of his time. In his last unfinished and unpublished work, the "Men of Manhattan," written in 1850, we find some statements which were almost prophetic in view of their recent fulfillment. Speaking of New York, at a convivial party given shortly after his return from Europe, Mr. Cooper ventured to remark, in regard to Broadway, that, in his opinion, "there was not a building in the whole street—a few special cases excepted—that would probably be standing thirty years hence." The opinion was deemed extravagant at the time, but Mr. Cooper lived to see its partial fulfillment; and to-day, about thirty-five years from the time the remark was made, it is literally true.

Mr. Cooper took a lively interest in all the political questions of the day, although he was not in any sense a partisan. While abroad he stoutly defended his country from many imputations cast upon her by those jealous of the prospective strength of the infant Hercules, and at home he was equally earnest in seeking to correct whatever seemed to him amiss in our manners or our laws. And in this he evinced the highest patriotism, in that he was willing to incur obloquy and reproach, and even alienate personal friends, if by any means he might advance his country's honor and position. We quote again from the "Men of Manhattan," written ten years before our civil war broke out, in evidence of his clearness and foresight in our coming future: "The American Union, however, has much more adhesiveness than is commonly imagined. The diversity and complexity of its interests form a net-work that will be found, like the web of the spider, to possess a power of resistance far exceeding its gossamer appearance—one strong enough to hold all that it was ever intended to inclose. The slave interest is now making its final effort for supremacy, and men are deceived by the throes of a departing power. The institution of domestic slavery can not last. It is opposed to the spirit of the age; and the figments of Mr. Calhoun, in affirming that the Territories belong to the States instead of the government of the United States, and the celebrated doctrine of the equilibrium, for which we look in vain in the Constitution for a single sound argument to sustain it, are merely the expiring efforts of a reasoning that can not resist the common-sense of the nation." And again, in another place: "The attachment to the Union is very strong and general throughout the country; and it is only necessary to sound the tocsin to bring to its maintenance a phalanx equal to uphold its standard against the assault of any enemies."

With this extract we leave our subject, incomplete like the work from which we quote, with the hope that at no distant day some worthy biographer may be found who will gather up the fragments which have appeared from time to time, and give to the world a more complete record worthy of the man.

## "COMPARISONS ARE ODOROUS."

THE London *Times* once had a leader commencing thus: "'Comparisons,' says Mrs. Malaprop, 'are odorous,'" etc. And that lady has ever since had the credit of this "derangement of epitaphs." But what Mrs. Malaprop did really say is this: "No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman." The real place of the expression quoted is "Much Ado about Nothing," Act iii., Scene 5:

> *Verges.* Yes, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.
> *Dogberry.* Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbor Verges.

# A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

A BIG man, who seemed the leader, fired a volley of ferocious oaths at the keepers, and threatened to send them to hell that moment if they did not instantly deliver up that gentleman.

The keepers were thoroughly terrified, and roared for mercy.

"Hand him out here, you scoundrels."

"Yes! yes! Man alive, we are not resisting: what is the use?"

"Hand down his luggage."

It was done all in a flutter.

"Now get in again; turn your horses' heads the other way, and don't come back for an hour. You with your guns take stations in those trees, and shoot them dead if they are back before their time."

These threats were interlarded with horrible oaths, and Burdoch's party were glad to get off, and they drove away quickly in the direction indicated.

However, as soon as they got over the first surprise they began to smell a hoax; and, instead of an hour, it was scarcely twenty minutes when they came back.

But meantime the supers were paid liberally among the fir-trees by Vandeleur, pocketed their crape, flung their dummy guns into a corn field, dispersed in different directions, and left no trace.

But Sir Charles was not detained for that: the moment he was recaptured he and his luggage were whisked off in the other carriage, and, with Rolfe and his secretary, dashed round the town, avoiding the main street, to a railway eight miles off, at a pace almost defying pursuit. Not that they dreaded it: they had numbers, arms, and a firm determination to fight if necessary, and also three tongues to tell the truth, instead of one.

At one in the morning they were in London. They slept at Mr. Rolfe's house; and before breakfast Mr. Rolfe's secretary was sent to secure a couple of prize-fighters to attend upon Sir Charles till further notice. They were furnished with a written paper explaining the case briefly, and were instructed to hit first and talk afterward should a recapture be attempted. Should a crowd collect, they were to produce the letter. These measures were to provide against his recapture under the statute, which allows an alleged lunatic to be retaken upon the old certificates for fourteen days after his escape from confinement, but for no longer.

Money is a good friend in such contingencies as these.

Sir Charles started directly after breakfast to find his wife and child. The faithful pugilists followed at his heels in another cab.

Neither Sir Charles nor Mr. Rolfe knew Lady Bassett's address: it was the medical man who had written: but that did not much matter; Sir Charles was sure to learn his wife's address from Mr. Boddington. He called on that gentleman at 17 Upper Gloucester Place.

Mr. Boddington had just taken his wife down to Margate for her health; had only been gone half an hour.

This was truly irritating and annoying. Apparently Sir Charles must wait that gentleman's return. He wrote a line, begging Mr. Boddington to send him Lady Bassett's address in a cab immediately on his return.

He told Mr. Rolfe this; and then for the first time let out that his wife's not writing to him at the asylum had surprised and alarmed him; he was on thorns.

Mr. Boddington returned in the middle of the night, and at breakfast-time Sir Charles had a note to say Lady Bassett was at 119 Gloucester Place, Portman Square.

Sir Charles bolted a mouthful or two of breakfast, and then dashed off in a hansom to 119 Gloucester Place.

There was a bill in the window, "To be let, furnished. Apply to Parker and Ellis."

He knocked at the door. Nobody came. Knocked again. A lugubrious female opened the door.

"Lady Bassett?"

"Don't live here, Sir. House to be let."

Sir Charles went to Mr. Boddington and told him.

Mr. Boddington said he thought he could not be mistaken; but he would look at his address-book. He did, and said it was certainly 119 Gloucester Place. "Perhaps she has left," said he. "She was very healthy—an excellent patient. But *I* should not have advised her to move for a day or two more."

Sir Charles was sore puzzled. He dashed off to the agents, Parker and Ellis.

They said, Yes; the house was Lady Bassett's for a few months. They were instructed to let it.

"When did she leave? I am her husband, and we have missed each other somehow."

The clerk interfered, and said Lady Bassett had brought the keys in her carriage yesterday.

Sir Charles groaned with vexation and annoyance.

"Did she give you no address?"

"Yes, Sir. Huntercombe Hall."

"I mean no address in London?"

"No, Sir; none."

Sir Charles was now truly perplexed and distressed, and all manner of strange ideas came into his head. He did not know what to do, but he could not bear to do nothing, so he drove to the *Times* office and advertised, requesting Lady Bassett to send her present address to Mr. Rolfe.

At night he talked this strange business over with Mr. Rolfe.

That gentleman thought she must have gone to Huntercombe; but by the last post a letter came from Suaby, inclosing one from Lady Bassett to her husband.

"119 *Gloucester Place.*

"DARLING,—*The air here is not good for baby, and I can not sleep for the noise. We think of creeping toward home to-morrow, in an easy carriage. Pray God you may soon meet us at dear Huntercombe. Our first journey will be to that dear old comfortable inn at Winterfield, where you and I were so happy, but not happier, dearest darling, than we shall soon be again, I hope.* *Your devoted wife,*

"BELLA BASSETT.

"*My heartfelt thanks to Mr. Rolfe for all he is doing.*"

Sir Charles wanted to start that night for Winterfield, but Rolfe persuaded him not. "And mind," said he, "the faithful pugilists must go with you."

The morning's post rendered that needless. It brought another letter from Suaby, informing Mr. Rolfe that the Commissioners had positively discharged Sir Charles, and notified the discharge to Richard Bassett.

Sir Charles took leave of Mr. Rolfe as of a man who was to be his bosom friend for life, and proceeded to hunt his wife.

She had left Winterfield; but he followed her like a stanch hound, and when he stopped at a certain inn, some twenty miles from Huntercombe, a window opened, there was a strange loving scream; he looked up, and saw his wife's radiant face, and her figure ready to fly down to him. He rushed up stairs, into the right room by some mighty instinct, and held her, panting and crying for joy, in his arms.

That moment almost compensated what each had suffered.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

So full was the joy of this loving pair that, for a long time, they sat rocking in each other's arms, and thought of nothing but their sorrows past, and the sea of bliss they were floating on.

But presently Sir Charles glanced round for a moment. Swift to interpret his every look, Lady Bassett rose, took two steps, came back and printed a kiss on his forehead, and then went to a door and opened it.

"Mrs. Millar!" said she, with one of those tones by which these ladies impregnate with meaning a word that has none at all: and then she came back to her husband.

Soon a buxom woman of forty appeared, carrying a biggish bank of linen and lace, with a little face in the middle. The good woman held it up to Sir Charles, and he felt something novel stir inside him. He looked at the little thing with a vast yearning of love, with pride, and a good deal of curiosity; and then turned smiling to his wife. She had watched him furtively but keenly, and her eyes were brimming over. He kissed the little thing, and blessed it, and then took his wife's hands, and kissed her wet eyes, and made her stand and look at Baby with him, hand in hand. It was a pretty picture.

The buxom woman swelled her feathers, as simple women do when they exhibit a treasure of this sort; she lifted the little mite slowly up and down, and said, "Oh, you Beauty!" and then went off into various inarticulate sounds, which I recommend to the particular study of the new Philosophers: they can not have been invented after speech; that would be retrogression; they must be the vocal remains of that hairy, sharp-eared quadruped, our Progenitor, who by accident discovered language, and so turned Biped, and went ahead of all the other hairy quadrupeds, whose ears were too long or not sharp enough to stumble upon Language.

Under cover of these primeval sounds Lady Bassett drew her husband a little apart, and looking in his face with piteous wistfulness said, "You won't mind Richard Bassett and his baby now?"

"Not I."

"You will never have another fit while you live?"

"I promise."

"You will always be happy?"

"I must be an ungrateful scoundrel else, my dear."

"Then Baby *is* our best friend. Oh, you little angel!" And she pounced on the mite, and kissed it far harder than Sir Charles had. Heaven knows why these gentle creatures are so rough with their mouths to children, but so it is.

And now how can a mere male relate all the pretty childish things that were done and said to Baby, and of Baby, before the inevitable squalling began, and Baby was taken away to be consoled by another of his subjects.

Sir Charles and Lady Bassett had a thousand things to tell each other, to murmur in each other's ears, sitting lovingly close to each other.

But when all was quiet, and every body else was in bed, Lady Bassett plucked up courage and said, "Charles, I am not quite happy. There is one thing wanting." And then she hid her face in her hands and blushed. "I can not nurse him."

"Never mind," said Sir Charles, kindly.

"You forgive me?"

"Forgive you, my poor girl! Why, is that a crime?"

"It leads to so many things. You don't know what a plague a nurse is, and makes one jealous."

"Well, but it is only for a time. Come, Bella, this is a little peevish. Don't let us be ungrateful to Heaven. As for me, while you and our child live, I am proof against much greater misfortunes than that."

Then Lady Bassett cleared up, and the subject dropped.

But it was renewed next morning in a more definite form.

Sir Charles rose early; and in the pride and joy of his heart, and not quite without an eye to triumphing over his mortal enemy and his cold friends, sent a mounted messenger with orders to his servants to prepare for his immediate reception, and to send out his landau and four horses to the "Rose," at Staveleigh, half-way between Huntercombe and the place where he now was. Lady Bassett had announced herself able for the journey.

After breakfast he asked her rather suddenly whether Mrs. Millar was not rather an elderly woman to select for a nurse. "I thought people got a young woman for that office."

"Oh," said Lady Bassett, "why, Mrs. Millar is not *the* nurse. Of course Nurse is young and healthy, and from the country, and the best I could have in every way for Baby. But yet—oh, Charles, I hope you will not be angry—who do you think Nurse is? It is Mary Gosport—Mary Wells that was."

Sir Charles was a little staggered. He put this and that together, and said, "Why, she must have been playing the fool, then?"

"Hush! not so loud, dear. She is a married woman now, and her husband gone to sea, and her child dead. Most wet-nurses have a child of their own; and don't you think they must hate the stranger's child that parts them from their own? Now Baby is a comfort to Mary. And the wet-nurse is always a tyrant; and I thought, as this one has got into a habit of obeying me, she might be more manageable; and then as to her having been imprudent, I know many ladies who have been obliged to shut their eyes a little. Why, consider, Charles, would good wives and good mothers leave their own children to nurse a stranger's? Would their husbands let them? And I thought," said she, piteously, "we were so fortunate to get a young, healthy girl, imprudent but not vicious, whose fault had been covered by marriage, and then *so* attached to us both as she is, poor thing!"

Sir Charles was in no humor to make mountains of mole-hills. "Why, my dear Bella," said he, "after all, this is your department, not mine."

"Yes, but unless I please you in every department there is no happiness for me."

"But you know you please me in every thing; and the more I look into any thing, the wiser I always think you. You have chosen the best wet-nurse possible. Send her to me."

Lady Bassett hesitated. "You will be kind to her. You know the consequence if any thing happens to make her fret, Baby will suffer for it."

"Oh, I know. Catch me offending this she Potentate till he is weaned. Dress for the journey, my dear, and send Nurse to me."

Lady Bassett went into the next room, and after a long time Mary came to Sir Charles with Baby in her arms.

Mary had lost for a time some of her ruddy color, but her skin was clearer, and somehow her face was softened. She looked really a beautiful and attractive young woman.

She courtesied to Sir Charles, and then took a good look at him.

"Well, Nurse," said he, cheerfully, "here we are back again, both of us."

"That we be, Sir." And she showed her white teeth in a broad smile. "La, Sir, you be a sight for sore eyes. How well you do look, to be sure!"

"Thank you, Mary. I never was better in my life. You look pretty well too; only a little pale; paler than Lady Bassett does."

"I give my color to the child," said Mary, simply.

She did not know she had said any thing poetic; but Sir Charles was so touched and pleased with her answer that he gave her a five-pound note on the spot: and he said, "We'll bring your color back if beef and beer and kindness can do it."

"I ain't afeard o' that, Sir; and I'll arn it. 'Tis a lovely boy, Sir, and your very image."

Inspection followed; and something or other offended young master; he began to cackle. But this nurse did not take him away, as Mrs. Millar had. She just sat down with him and nursed him openly, with rustic composure and simplicity.

Sir Charles leaned his arm on the mantelpiece and eyed the pair; for all this was a new world of feeling to him. His paid servant seemed to him to be playing the mother to his child. Somehow it gave him a strange twinge, a sort of vicarious jealousy: he felt for his Bella. But I think his own paternal pride, in all its freshness, was hurt a little too.

At last he shrugged his shoulders, and was going out of the room, with a hint to Mary that she must wrap herself up, for it would be an open carriage—

"Your own carriage, Sir, and horses?"

"Certainly."

"And do all the folk know as we are coming?"

Sir Charles laughed. "Most likely. Gossip is not dead at Huntercombe, I dare say."

Nurse's black eyes flashed. "All the village will be out. I hope *he* will see us ride in, the black-hearted villain!"

Sir Charles was too proud to let her draw him into that topic; he went about his business.

Lady Bassett's carriage, duly packed, came round, and Lady Bassett was ready soon afterward; so was Mrs. Millar; so was Baby, imbedded now in a nest of lawn and lace and white